

SONGS AND CAROLS,

NOW FIRST PRINTED,

From a Manuscript of the Fifteenth Century.

EDITED BY

THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., ETC.

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SONGS AND CAROLS

FOR THE LITURGICAL YEAR

FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF THE LITURGICAL YEAR

BY

THOMAS WHITTAKER, M.A., F.S.A., &c.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE REV. J. H. W. L. &c.

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PREFACE.

THE following very curious collection of old English Songs and Carols is printed verbatim from a manuscript at present in the possession of the Editor. It appears by the writing and language to have been written in the latter half of the fifteenth century, probably during the period intervening between the latter end of the reign of Henry VI, and the beginning of that of Henry VII; a date which is confirmed by the fact that the few other copies of songs in this collection that occur elsewhere, are invariably found in manuscripts of the reign of Henry VI or of the age immediately following.

This manuscript has in all probability belonged to a professed minstrel, who sang at festivals and merry makings, and it has therefore been thought to merit publication entire, as giving a general view of the classes of poetry then popular. A

rather large proportion of its contents consists of carols and religious songs, such as were sung at Christmas, and perhaps at some other of the great festivals of the church; and these are interesting illustrations of the manners and customs of the age. Another class of productions, in which this manuscript is for its date peculiarly rich, consists of drinking songs, some of which are singular in their form and not wanting in spirit. The collection also contains a number of those satirical songs against the fair sex, which were so common in the middle ages, and which have a certain degree of importance as showing the condition of private society among our forefathers. In addition to these three classes, the manuscript contains a few short moral poems, which also are not without their peculiar interest.

Manuscript collections of songs like the present, of so early a date, are of great rarity. The only one with which I am acquainted, which may be considered of exactly the same character, is the MS. Sloane, No. 2593, in the British Museum, which has generally been ascribed to the reign of Henry VI. On a comparison of the contents of the two manuscripts, it has been found that a few of the pieces printed in the present volume are found in the Sloane MS., and they have been indicated in the notes; one or two are also found

separately in other manuscripts; and a diligent search would probably bring to light others: but by much the larger number of the songs contained in our manuscript, including some of the most interesting and curious, appear to be unique, and the others are in general much better and more complete copies than those previously known. The great variations in the different copies of the same song, shew that they were taken down from oral recitation, and had been often preserved by memory among minstrels who were not unskilful at composing, and who were not only in the habit of voluntarily or involuntarily modifying the songs as they passed through their hands, and adding or omitting stanzas, but of making up new songs by stringing together phrases and lines, and even whole stanzas, from the different compositions which were imprinted on their memories,—imitating in this the practice of the more ancient bards of the Anglo-Saxons.

It remains only to add that the present volume is, as nearly as is consistent with the right duties of an editor in presenting his original in an intelligible form, a literal fac-simile of the original manuscript.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

24, *Sydney Street, Brompton.*

Oct. 12, 1847.

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search would probably bring to light others; but
the number the larger number of the songs contained
in our manuscript, including some of the most
interesting and curious, appear to be unique, and
the others are in general much better and more
complete copies than those previously known.
The great variation in the different copies of
the same song, show that they were taken
down from oral tradition, and had been often
repeated by many, among which the
very few faithful or complete, and the many
not only in the habit of repeating or imitating
faithfully the songs as they passed through
their hands and adding or omitting stanzas, but
of adding to new songs by adding together
phrases and lines, and even whole stanzas, from
the different compositions which were repeated
on their journeys, illustrating in this the practice
of the more ancient bards of the Celtic nations.
It remains only to add that the present volume
is as nearly as is consistent with the right degree
of an edition preserving the original in an entire
lyrical form, as literal facsimile of the original
manuscript, and that it is a very rare and
valuable volume, and a most interesting
and instructive work, and a most
valuable addition to the collection of Celtic
songs, and a most interesting and instructive
work.

SONGS AND CAROLS.

I.

Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Myssus est ad virginem angelus Gabriell.

ANGELUM misit suum Deus omnipotens,
Ut unicum per filium ejus salvetur gens.
Virgo, ave, clamat ille, O Maria clemens,
Concipies et paries, virgo semper manens.

Virgo clam tremessit, nam mira valde audit,
Eam cui est ille missus comfortavit.
Altissimi Patris tui virtus obumbravit,
Cui per flamen sacrum gramen in te seminavit.

Virgo clemens semper tremens ad verba angeli,
Cui flamen consolamen dat responsum illi,
Miti voce dicens, Ecce ancilla Domini,
Et secundum tuum verbum ita fiat mihi.

Virgo Deum genuit verbum, quem alit cum cura,
Mirus pater, mira mater, mira genitura;
Parit virgo solo verbo contra carnis jura,
Perseverante post et ante virgine pura.

III.

Have in mynd, in mynd, in mynd, secuters be oft onekynd.

MAN, be war, the way ys sleder,
 Thy sowle sall go thou wottes not weder,
 Body and sowle and al togeder,
 Lytyll joye ys son done.

Have thi sowle in thi mynd,
 The secators be ryght onkynd ;
 Man, be thi own freynd,
 Lytyll joye ys son done.

In holy bok yt ys wreten,
 That sely soule ys son forgeten,
 And treu yt ys for to seken ;
 Lytyll joye ys son done.

Her ys a song for me :
 Syng another for the ;
 God send us love and charité !
 Lytyll joye ys son done.

IV.

HERFOR, and therfor, and therfor I came,
 And for to preysse this praty woman.
 Ther wer iij wylly, 3^{te} wyly ther wer ;
 A fox, a fryyr, and a woman.

Ther wer 3 angry, 3 angry ther wer:
 A wasp, a wesyll, and a woman.
 Ther wer 3 cheteryng, iij. cheteryng ther wer:
 A peye, a jaye, and a woman.
 Ther wer 3 wold be betyn, 3 wold be betyn ther wer:
 A myll, a stoke fysche, and a woman.

 V.

Et virgine natus, Christe, es sine macula;
 Mortis pomo cepit homo quam rumpens jacula,
 Nos gaudere et habere fac habitacula,
 Ubi manes cuncta regens unicus per secula.

Spiritus sancte, Deus, fer nobis juvamen,
 Cui fuisti matri Christi sacrum consolamen,
 Da cum judex advenit rex ad nostrum examen,
 Nos unitas in qua extas Deus servet. Amen.

 VI.

For pencynesse and grett distresse I am full woo;
 Destitute frome al refute, alone I goo.

WHYLOME I present was with my soffreyne,
 Ignorawnt I was of dolowr and payne;
 For than I lyved
 Fro sorow deprived;

Of plesure havynge habundawnce and delice.

But now forsothe

Sore hytt me ruthe,

Fortune contrarythe to my device.

For pencynesse, etc.

Whane fortune flattery ay deseveabyll,

My hert enicyed by prosyrs delectabyll,

I thowgt in mynd

I schuld ay fynd

The whele of fortunat fyxyd fast ;

Nott for no chawnce

To mak delyawnce,

Whyle my terme of lyff had past.

For pencynesse, etc.

Butt now prosyrs glorius be myxyd with gall,

Wyche bytter ys and tedius over all ;

Venimus as poysen,

To me full naysom.

And from her palyse ryall,

Ful cruelly

And onavysedly

Sche hath soferyd me to fall.

For pencynesse, etc.

And into gret dole and mysery,

Devoyd of all felyce,

With her owtrage,

Me puttyng to damnag,

With hert contrystant thyse wordes I sey:

For pencynesse

And hyre distresse

Fad doth my yoye and wannych away.

For pencynesse, etc.

For by her rygurus and crabyd violence,

Preventyd me sche hath of my pretence,

Constreynyng me to fulfyll

That repugnant is to my wyll;

For ther as I never entendyd to be abcent,

Distawnce of place,

Hyherd myschawnce and case,

Utterly hath alteryd my purpose and entent.

For pencynesse, etc.

Schuld I not morne and in hert be sad,

Whan slydery cyn, wych never abydyng had,

Schuld do me payn

By fortunes dissayn,

And al memory on me tak away.

That the dyseys

The hert on thynkys,

Wher syght ys nout, farwel thowzt, and have gud

For pencynesse, etc. [day.

Thus my enmye mortale doyth determyne,

With dystawnce of place and current tyme

Me wyl confownd,

And never to redwnd,

But me consume and utterly wast;
 And of al resort
 Of joy and comfort,
 Desolate me make and in penurye me cast.
 For pencynesse, etc.

Whome nature excellently hath avawncyd,
 And hevynly grace gyftes most and syngularly
 hath enhawncyd,
 In bewte, in sagacite,
 In facund spech and in benyngnyte,
 In behavyowr gudly, me umbyll in spyryt,
 And sondry wertuse,
 Wych canot discuse,
 Frome hym am I sewrd be fortunes despit.
 For pencynesse, etc.

VII.

Now ys wele and all thyng aryzt,
 And Cryst ys come as a trew knyght;
 For owr broder ys kyng of myzt,
 The fend to fleme and all hys;
 Thus the feend ys put to flyzt,
 And all his boost abatyd ys.

Sythyn yt is we wele we do,
 For ther ys non but one of two,
 Hevyn to gete or hevyn for-go,

Oder men non ther ys;
I counsayll 3ow, syn yt ys so,
That 3e wyll do to wyn 3ow blys.

Now ys well and all ys wele,
And ry3t wele so have I blys;
And sythyn all thyng ys so well,
I red we do no more amys.

VIII.

Wold God that men my3t sene
Hertys whan thei bene,
For thynges that bene untrew.
If yt be as I wene,
Thyng that semyth grene,
Ys ofte fadyd of hew.

Wyll ys tak for reson,
Trew love is full geson,
No man sett be shame;
Trost ys full of treson,
Echy man oderys cheson,
No man hym seylfe wyll blame.

Thys warlde ys varyabyll,
Nothyng therin ys stable,
Asay now ho so wyll.

Syn yt is so mutable,
 How shuld me be stable,
 Yt may not be thorow skyll.

Whan brome wyll appelles bere,
 And humloke hony in feere,
 Than sek rest in lond.
 With men is no pees,
 Ne rest in hart is no lese,
 With few be see and sond.

Sythyn ther is no rest,
 I hold it for the best
 God to owr frend;
 He that ys owr Lord,
 Delyver us ouzt with hys word,
 And graunt us a good ende.

 IX.

In a blyssefull tyme that mane ys borne,
 That may fynd frend to trust upon.
 EVERY mane in hys degré
 Cane say, yf he avysyd be,
 Ther was more trust in sum thre,
 Than ys now in many on.
 This world ys now all changed new,
 So many mene ben found ontrew,
 That in trewth lyven but few
 Feythfull to tryst upon.

Sum tym a man myȝt tryst another
Better than now hys owne broder ;
For thei ben fekyll as well as other ;

For few be trew to tryst upon.

And if thou tell a man thi hart,
To kepe it clos as ys hys part,
Vij. ȝere after it may the smart ;

For few be trew to tryst upon.

A mans feyth ys now sett at nouȝt ;
Sum tym therby men sold and bouȝt :
Therfor I say thus in my thouȝt,

That few be trew to tryst upon.

Yf thou do by my counsayll,
Thynke well on the after tayll ;
I warent the it wyll the avayll ;

For few be trew to tryst upon.

So many men have bene begylyd,
The fader manot tryst hys oun chylde.
I am aferd trost ys exylyd ;

For few be trew to tryst upon.

Yf thou doo for a comonte,
All that now lyyth in the,
Skarsly shalt thou thankyd be ;

For few be trew to tryst upon.

Now no man kan know hys frend,
For doubelnese is so mekyll in mynd ;
Thus in fayth at the last ȝend

Few be trew to tryst upon.

Whatsoever thou thynk to do,
Be ware to whom thou spekes unto ;

For I trow, whan al is do,
 Few be trew to tryst upon.
 Now Jhesu that art heyvyn kyng,
 Thowrow thi moders prayyng,
 Thou send us all a good endyn ;
 For thou art trew to tryst upon.

X.

THYS endris ny3th
 I saw a sy3th,
 A stare as bry3t as day ;
 And ever among
 A mayden song
 Lullay, by by, lullay.

This lovely lady sat and song, and to hyr chyld sayd,
 My sone, my broder, my fader der, why lyest thou thus
 in hayd.

My swete byrd,
 Thus it ys betyde,
 Thow thou be kyng veray ;
 But nevertheles
 I wyl not ses
 To syng, by by, lullay.

The chyld than spak in hys talkyng, and to hys moder sayd,
 I bekydde am kyng in crybbe thar I be layd.

For aungeiles bryzt
Done to me lyzt,
Thou knowest it ys no nay;
And of that syzt
Thou mayst be lyzt
To syng, by by, lullay.

Now, swet son, syn thou art kyng, why art thou layd
in stall?

Why ne thou ordende thi beddyng in sum gret kynges
hall?

Me thynkyth it is ryzt,
That kyng or knyght
Shuld ly in good aray;
And than among
It wer no wrong
To syng, by by, lullay.

Mary moder, I am thi chyld, thow I be layd in stall,
Lordes and dukes shal worsshyp me and so shall kynges all.

3e shall well se
That kynges thre
Shal come the xij. day,
For this behest
3efe me thi brest,
And syng, by by, lullay.

Now tell me, swet son, I the pray, thou art me leve
and dere,

How shuld I kepe the to thy pay and mak the glad of
chere.

For all thi wyll
I wold fullfyll,
Thou wetyste full well in fay,
And for all thys,
I wyll the kys,
And syng, by by, lullay.

My der moder, whan tym it be, thou take me up on loft,
And set me upon thi kne, and handyll me full soft.
And in thi arme
Thou hyl me warme,
And kepe nyzt and day ;
If I wepe,
And may not slepe,
Thou syng, by by, lullay.

Now, swet son, syn it is so, that all thyng is at thi wyll,
I pray the graunte me a bone, yf it be both ryzt and skyll.
That chyld or man
That wyl or kan
Be mery upon my day,
To blyse hem bryng,
And I shal syng,
Lullay, by by, lullay.

XI.

Aye, aye, this is the day, that we shal worshep ever and aye.

A FERLY thyng it is to mene,
That a mayd a chyld have borne,
And syth was a mayden clene,
As prophetes sayden herbeforne.
I-wys it was a wonder thyng,
That, thowrow an aungelles gretyng,
God wold lyzt in a mayden 3yng,
With aye,
Aye, aye, I dar well say,
Her maydenhed 3ede no away.

Hys moder was a mayden myld,
As holy kyrke wytnese and we;
Withouten weme sche bar a chyld,
And so ded never non but she.
A farly thyng it schuld befall,
But God hath all women thrall
In peynes to ber her chylderne all,
With aye,
Aye, aye, I dar well say,
She felt non of that aray.

Hys byrth was know that ylk ny3th
In all the lond thorow and thorow;
Thedyr thei 3odyn to se that sy3th,
To Bethlem that fayer borow.
An angell bad that thei shuld go;

He seyde that betwene beestys two
Godes sonne seker 3e fynd so,
 With aye,
Aye, aye, I dar well say,
In a crybe thei found hym ther he lay.

Thre kynges ouzt of Ynde lond,
Thei cum to seke that ferly fode,
With rych presantes in ther hond;
A sterre styffely afore hem 3ode.
A ferly thyng it was to se,
That sterre was mor than other thre,
Yt held the course to that contree,
 With aye,
Aye, aye, I dar well say,
Thei ded not mysse of redy way.

Whan thei with that lady mett,
Thei fond hyr chyld upon her kne;
Full curttesly thei her grett,
And present hym with 3eftys thre.
As kyng thei 3effe hym gold so redd;
Myrre and sense to hys manhedd;
Of hyr offryng thus we redde,
 With aye,
Aye, aye, I dar well say,
Thei worshepyd hyme on the xij. day.

Mary moder, maydyn myld,
To the we cry, to the we call,

Thou be owre socur and owre sheyld,
 Us thou save fro myschevys all.
 Thou pray thi sonne, that prynce of pees,
 Of all owre synnes he us relees,
 Ouzt of this world whane we shal cees,
 With aye,
 Aye, aye, so that we may,
 Wend with hym at domysday.

XII.

Now be we glad, and not to sad,
 For *verbum caro factum est*.

This may I preve withouȝten lett,
 Whan Gabriell owre lady grett,
 On hys kne he hym sett

 So myldly,
 Thou shalt conseyye this sam day,
 Salvatorem mundi.

A sterre shoȝne thorow Godes grace,
 As Godes owne wyll yt was;
 The shepperdes saw in that place
 Angelles two,
 And hem among thei song a song,
 Gloria in excelcis Deo.

The chyld was born upon ȝole day,
 As prophettes to us gan say;
 Hys moder sang lullay, lullay,
 Into the est;

Therfor mankynd withouȝten end
 Syng, *verbum caro factum est.*

And than be tokenyng of a starre,
 iij. kynges ther cam fro fare,
 And offeryd frankyngcens and myrre
 To Cryst so fre ;
 Than thei seyde with mery chere,
Mane nobiscum, Domine.

Therfor pray we everychone
 To that barne that tym was born,
 He save us all fro shame and schorne,
 In pes and rest ;
 And all mankynd withouȝten end
 Syng, *verbum caro factum est.*

XIII.

Alleluia, alleluia, de virgine Maria.

Salvator mundi, Domine,
 Fader of hevyn, blessyd thou be,
 And thi son that commeth of the,
De virgine Maria.

Adesto nunc propicius,
 He sent hys sonne, swet Jhesus,
 A man becam for love of us
De virgine Maria.

Te, reformatō sensuum,
 Lytyl and mekyll, mor and sum,
 Worshyp that chyld that is cum
De virgine Maria.

Gloria tibi, Domine,
 Thre persons in Trinite,
 Worshepe that chyld so fre
De virgine Maria.

 XIV.

LULLAY, my chyld, and wepe no more,
 Slepe and be now styll;
 The kyng of blys thi fader ys,
 As it was hys wyll.

This endrys nyzt I saw a syzth,
 A mayd a cradyll kepe,
 And ever she song and seyde among,
 Lullay, my chyld, and slepe.

I may not slep, but I may wepe,
 I am so wo begone;
 Slep I old, butt I am colde,
 And clothys have I none.

Me thouzt I hard, the chyld answard,
 And to hys moder he sayd,
 My moder der, what do I her,
 In crybbe why am I layd.

I was borne and layd beforne
Bestys, both ox and asse.
My moder myld, I am thi chyld,
But he my fader was.

Adams gylt this man had spylt,
That syn grevyt me sore ;
Man, for the her shal I be
Thyrty wynter and mor.

Dole it is to se, her shall I be
Hang upon the rode,
With baleis to-bete, my woundes to-wete,
And zeffe my fleshe to bote.

Her shal I be hanged on a tre,
And dye as it is skyll ;
That I have bouzt lesse wyll I nouzt,
It is my faders wyll.

A spere so scharp shall perse my herte,
For dedys that I have done.
Fader of grace, wher thou hase
Forgetyn thy lytyll sonne.

Withoutyn pety her shall aby,
And mak my fleshe al blo.
Adam i-wys, this deth it ys
For the and many mo.

XV.

Make we mery in this fest,
For *verbum caro factum est.*

GODES sonne for the love of mane,
Flesshe and blode of Mary he nam,
As in the gospell seyth sent Johan,
Verbum caro factum est.

Of joy and myrth now mow3 we syng,
God with man is now dwellyng,
Holy wrytt makyth now shewyng,
Deus homo natus est.

God and man hath shewyd hys chyld,
That hath us bou3t fro the develys wyld;
Hym to worshyp now be we myld,
Congaudere mihi.

This chyldes moder ever more
Maydyn she was after and before,
And so sayd the prophett in hys lore,
Verbo prophesye.

XVI.

Of a rose, a lovely rose, of a rose I syng a song.
LYTH and lystyn, both old and 3yng,
How the rose begane to spryng,
A fayyrer rose to owre lekyng
Sprong ther never in kynges lond.

v. branchis of that rose ther ben,
The wych ben both feyer and chene;
Of a maydyn, Mary, hevyn qwene,
Ouzt of hyr womb the branch sprong.

The branch was of gret honour,
That blyssed Mary shuld ber the flour;
Ther cam an angell ouzt hevyn toure,
To breke the develes bondes.

The secund branch was gret of myzt,
Yt sprong up on Cristmes nyzt,
The sterre shone and lemezd bryzt,
That man schuld se it both day and nyzt.

The iij. branch gan spryng and spred,
iij. kynges than to branch gan led,
Tho to owre lady in hyr chyldbéd,
Into Bethlem that branch sprong ryzt.

The iiij. branch it sprong to hell,
The develes powre for to fell,
That no soule therin shuld dwell,
The braunch so blessedfully sprong.

The v. branch it was so swote,
Yt sprong to hevyn both croppe and rote;
In every ball to ben owre bote,
So blessedly yt sprong.

XVII.

A good medycyn for sor eyen.

FOR a man that is almost blynd,
 Let hym go barhed all day ageyn the wynd,
 Tyll the so3ne be sette;
 And than wrap hym in a cloke,
 And put hym in a hows full of smoke,
 And loke that every hol be well shett.
 And whan hys eyen begyne to rope,
 Fyll hem full of brymston and sope,
 And hyll hym well and warme.
 And yf he se not by the next mone,
 As well at mydny3t as at none,
 I schal lese my ry3t arme.

XVIII.

I hold hym wyse and wel i-tau3t,
 Can bar an horn and blow it nau3t.

BLOWYNG was mad for gret game;
 Of thi blowyng cometh mekell grame;
 Therfor I hold it for no schame,
 To ber a horne and blow it nou3t.
 Hornes are mad both loud and shyll,
 Whan tym ys, blow thou thi fyll,
 And whan ned is, hold the styll,
 And ber a horne and blow it nou3t.
 What so ever be in thi thou3t,

Her and se and sey ryȝt nouȝt;
 Than schall men sey thou art well touȝt,
 To bere, etc.

Of al the ryches under the son,
 Than was there never beter wonne,
 Than is a tauȝt man for to konne
 To bere, etc.

Whatsoever be in thi brest,
 Stop thi mouȝt with thi fyst,
 And lok thou thynk well of had-i-wyst,
 And bere, etc.

And whan thou syttyst at the ale,
 And cryyst lyk an nyȝttyngale,
 Be war to whom thou tellist thi tale,
 But bere, etc.

XIX.

Make we myrth
 For Crystes byrth,
 And syng we ȝole tyl Candelmes.

THE fyrst day of ȝole have we in mynd,
 How God was man born of owre kynd;
 For he the bondes wold onbynd

Of all owre synnes and wykednes.

The secund day we syng of Stevene,
 That stoned and steyyd up even
 To God that he saw stond in hevyn,
 And crouned was for hys prouesse.

The iij. day longeth to sent Johan,
That was Cristys dariyng, derer non,
Whom he betok, whan he shuld gon,

Hys moder der for hyr clenness.

The iiij. day of the chyldren zong,
That Herowd to deth had do with wrong,
And Crist thei coud non tell with tong,

But with ther blod bar hym wytnesse.

The v. day longeth to sent Thomas,
That, as a strong pyller of bras,
Held up the chyrch, and sclayn he was,

For he sted with ryztwesnesse.

The viij. day tok Jhesu hys name,
That saved mankynd fro syn and shame,
And circumsysed was for no blame,

But for ensample of meknesse.

The xij. day offerd to hym kynges iij.
Gold, myr, and cence, thes gyftes free,
For God, and man, and kyng was he,

Thus worschyppyd thei his worthynes.

On the xl. day cam Mary myld,
Unto the temple with hyr chylde,
To shew hyr clen that never was fyld,

And therwith endyth Crystmes.

XX.

TYDYNES I bryng 3ow for to tell,
What me in wyld forest befell,
Whan me must with a wyld best mell,

With a bor so bryme.

A bor so bryme that me pursued,
 Me for to kyll so sharply ameved,
 That brymly best so cruell and unryd,
 Ther tamyd I hym,
 And reft fro hym both lyth and lyme.

Truly to shew 3ow that is trew,
 Hys hed with my swerd I hew,
 To mak this day to 3ow myrth new,
 Now etes therof anon.
 Etys, on much good do yt 3ow,
 Take 3ow bred and musterd therto,
 Joy with me that I have thus done,
 I pray 3ow to be glad everychon,
 And joy all in one.

 XXI.

Care away, away, away, care away for ever more.

ALL that I may swynk or swet,
 My wyfe it wyll both drynk and ete,
 And I sey ou3t, she wyl me bete ;
 Carful ys my hart therfor.

If I sey ou3t of hyr but good,
 She loke on me as she war wod,
 And wyll me clou3t abou3t the hod ;
 Carful, etc.

If she wyll to the gud ale ryd,
 Me must trot all by hyr syd,
 And whan she drynk I must abyd ;
 Carful, etc.

If I say it shal be thus,
 She sey, Thou lyyst, charll, I wous,
 Wenest thou to overcome me thus?

Carful, etc.

If ony man have such a wyfe to lede,
 He shal know how *judicare* cam in the cred;
 Of hys penans God do hym med.

Carful, etc.

XXII.

A, a, a, a, yet I love wher so I go.

In all this warld is a meryar life
 Than is a zong man withoutyn a wyfe;
 For he may lyven withouzten stryfe,
 In every place wher so he go.
 In every place he is loved over all,
 Among maydyns gret and small;
 In dauncing, in pypyng, and rennyng at the ball,
 In every, etc.

Thei lat lyzt be husbondmen,
 Whan thei at the ball rene;
 Thei cast hyr love to zong men,
 In every, etc.

Than sey maydens, Farwell, Jacke,
 Thi love is pressyd al in thi pake,
 Thou beryst thi love behynd thi back.
 In every, etc.

XXIII.

Man, beware and wyse in dede,
Asay thi frend or thou hast nede.

UNDER a forest that was so long,
As I me rod with mekyll dred,
I hard a berd syngyng a song,
Asay thy frend or thou hast ned.

I ther stod and hoved styll,
To a tre I teyd my sted;
Ever the byrd sang full shyll,
Asay thi frend or thou hast ned.

Me thouzt it was a wonder noyse,
Alwey ner and ner I zed;
And ever she song with loud voys,
Asay thi frend or thou hast ned.

I behyld that byrd full long.
She bad me do as I the rede;
Whether that thou do ryzt or wrong,
Asay thi frend or thou hast ned.

The byrd sat upon a tre,
With fethers gray than was hyr wed;
She seyde, and thou wylt do after me,
Asay thi frend or thou have ned.

Of me I trow she was agast,
 She tok hyr fly3th in len3th and bred;
 And thus she sang whan she show... last,
 Asay thi frend or thou have ned.

Away full fast she gan hyr hyze;
 God graunt us well our lyves to lede;
 For thus she sang, whan she gan flye,
 Asay thy frynd or thou have ned.

 XXIV.

I pray 3ow all with hert and thou3t,
 Amend me and peyer me nou3t.

HOLY wrytt sayth no thyng sother,
 That no man shuld apeyer other,
 Sythen I am in God thi broder,
 Amend me and peyer me nou3t.
 This in the Gospell ych man may se,
 If thi broder trespase to the,
 Betwen 3ow to corectyd he be;
 Amend me, etc.

If thou se I do gretly amys,
 And no man wott butt thou of this,
 Mak it not so yl as it is;
 Amend me, etc.

Apeyer no man with thi word,
 Nether in earnest ne in bord;
 Lat thi tong, that is thy swerd;
 Amend me, etc.

Lok that thou no man defame,
 Ne apeyer no mans fame,
 Ryzt as thou woldest have the same.

Amend me, etc.

Now to amend God 3yffe us grace,
 Of repentans and very space,
 And in hevyn to se hys face,
 Wher al thyng amend and peyer nouzth.

XXV.

Why, why, what is this whi, but *virtus verbi Domini*.

WHAN no thing was but God alone,
 The fader, the holy gost, with the son,
 On was iij., and iij. was on ;

What is this why?

To frayn why I hold but foly,
 It is non other sertenly,
 But *virtus verbi Domini*.

Fiat was a word ful bold.
 That mad all thyng as he wold,
 Heven and erth and men of mold.

What is why?

To frayn why I hold but foly, etc.

The world gan wax and multiply ;
 The planetes mad he full besy,
 To rowll ychy thyng by and by.

What is why?

To frayne why, I hold it but foly, etc.

The planetes wark no thyng in veyn,
But as thei be ordend so must thei reygne;
For the word of God wyl not ageyne.

What is why?
To frayne why, I hold it but folly, etc.

Whan Bede had prechyd to the stonys dry,
The myzt of God mad hem to cry.
Amen: certys this is no ly.

What is why?
To frayn why, etc.

Herytykes wonder of this thyng most,
How God is put in the holy host,
Her and at Rome and in every cost.

What is why?
To frayn why, etc.

XXVI.

Of M. A. R. I. syng I wyll a new song.
Of thes iiij. letters purpose I,
Of M. and A., R. and I.,
Thei betokyn mayd Mary,
All owre joy of hyr sprong.
Withouȝten wem of hyr body,
M. and A., R. and I.,
Of hyr was borne a kyng truly.
The Jewys dedyn to deth with wrong.

Upon the mounte of Calvery,
 M. and A., R. and I.,
 Ther thei betyn hys bar body,
 With schorges that war sharp and long.
 Our der lady she stod hym by,
 M. and A., R. and I.,
 And wepe water ful bytterly,
 And terys of blod ever among.

XXVII.

Salve regina, mater misericordie.

O BLYSSEDFULL berd, full of grace,
 To all mankynd thou art solas,
 Quene of hevyn in every place,
 Salve.

To our helth thou bar a chyld,
 And 3et with syn wart never fylyd,
 Mary, moder, mek and myld,
 Salve.

Fro the fend thou us defend,
 And of syn thou us amend;
 Mary, thy mercy thou to us send.
 Salve.

O worthy why3t, we worship the,
 Full of mercy and of pyte;
 Wherfor we syng in ech degre,
 Salve.

And let us not fro the fall,
 And therto we cry and also call,
 Both 3ong and old, grett and small,

Salve.

And bryng us to thi sonns blysse,
 Wher that thy wonnyng is,
 Of that we pray the that we not mys.

Salve.

XXVIII.

Regina celi letare.

GABRIELL, that angell bryzt,
 Bryzter than the sonne is lyzt,
 Fro hevyn to erth he took hys flyzt.

Letare.

In Nazareth that gret cete,
 Befor a maydyn he knelyd on kne,
 And seyde, Mary, God is with the.

Letare.

Heyll, Mary, full of grace,
 God is with the and ever was;
 He hath in the chosyn a place.

Letare.

Mari was afrayd of that syzt,
 That cam to her with so gret lyzt.
 Than seyde the angell that was so bryzt,

Letare.

Be not agast of lest ne most,
In the is conseyyd the holy gost,
To save the soules that war for-lost.

Letare.

XXIX.

MAN, be war, or thou knyte the fast,
Oftyn ran rewth at the last.
This wrat I oftyn, poverte partyth company.
Red this and ly not.

What! why dedist thou wynk whan thou a wyf toke?
Thou haddest never mor ned brodde to loke,
A man that wedyth a wyfe whan he wynkyth,
But he star afterward, wonder me it thynkyth.

Man, have this in thi mynd,
What thou doest with thyn hond, that shalt thou fynd.
Wyves be rekeles, chyldren be onkynd,
Excecuturs be covetys and hold that thei fynd.

I saw iij. hedles playen at a ball;
On hanles man served hem all;
Whyll iij. mouthles men lay and low,
iij. legles men away hem drow.

xxx.

MAN upon mold, whatsoever thou be,
 I warn utterly thou getyst no degre,
 Ne no worshyp abyd with the,

But thou have the peny redy to tak to.
 If thou be a zeman, a gentyllman wold be,
 Into sum lordes cort than put thou the,
 Lok thou have spendyng larg and plente,

And alwey the peny redy to tak to.
 If thou be a gentylman, and wold be a squyer,
 Rydest out of cuntre as wyld as eny fyer;
 I the warn as my frend, thou faylyst of thy desyr,
 But thou have, etc.

If thou be a squyer, and wold be a knyzt,
 And darest no in armus put the in fyzt,
 Than to the kynges cort hy the full tyzt,
 And lok thou have the, etc.

If thou be a lettryd man to bere stat in scole,
 A pilion or taberd to wer in hete or cole,
 The to besy therabout I hold the but a fole,
 But thou have etc.

If thou be a bachelar, and woldest ever *thryfe*,
 Prekyst out of contre and bryngest *hom a wyfe*,
 In much sorow and car ledest thu thi *lyfe*,
But thou have, etc.

If thou be a marchant *to buy* or to sell,
 And over al the countre woldest the well,
 I the counsell as a frend a r to dwell,
 But thou have, etc.

If thou be a zong man in lust thi lyfe to lace,
 About chyrch and market the byshop wyl the chace,
 And yf thou mayst be get, thou getes nouthur grace,
 But thou, etc.

If thou have out to do with the law to plete,
 At London at the Parvis many on wyll the rehetete,
 I warne the com not therout, thi purse may swete,
 And that thou, etc.

 XXXI.

Nova, nova, ave fit ex Eva.

GABRYELL of hyȝe degree,
 Cam down from the Trenyte,
 To Nazareth in Galilee,

With *nova*.

He fond the mayd al in hyr place,
 He knelyd down befor hir face,
 And seyde, Al heyl, full of grace,

With *nova*.

Thou shalt conseve and ber a chyld,
 Thouȝ thou with syn wer never defylyd;
 Thou hast fond grace, thou Mary myld,

With *nova*.

The byrd abasshyd of all ble,
 Answerd and seyde, How may this be?
 Man thorow kynd towchyd never me,

With *nova*.

The angell seyde unto that free,
 The *holy gost* shal lyzt in the,
 God and man in on shal be,

With *nova*.

Syx monthys is ner gon,
 Syn Elyzabeth conseyyd Johan;
 She that was *barren* a babe have borne,

With *nova*.

The ree d unto the fere,
 Now hys we e don in me here,
 And Godes maydyn now se me here,

With *nova*.

XXXII.

Lefte our hertes with good entent,
 And thancke God that al hath sent.

MAN and woman in every place,
 God hath 3ow sent vertu and grace,
 Therfor spend wel owre space,
 And thanke God that al hath sent.

If thou be a man herdy and strong,
 With thi strenke do thou no wrong,
 But lat reson rewl the among,
 And thank God, etc.

If thou have wysdom at thi wyll,
 Thorow thi wysdom do thou no yll,
 Kep in thi hert both loud and styll,
 And thank God, etc.

If thou be syk or elles pore,
 God hym shelf may the socur,
 With stedfast hert and thou hym honour,
 And thank God, etc.

What wo or tene the betyd,
 God can help on every syd,
 Buxsumlych thou must abyd,
 And thank God, etc.

 XXXIII.

Mary, modyr, cum and se, thi son is naylyd on a tre.

His body is wappyd all in wo,
 Hand and fot he may not go;
 Thi son, lady, that thou lovyst soo,
 Nakyd is naylyd upon a tree.

The blyssyd body that thou hast born,
 To save mankynd that was for-lorn,
 His body, lady, is al to-torn,

Hys hed with thornnys, as 3e may se.
 Wan Johan ys tal began to tell,
 Mary wyld not lenger dwell,
 Thyl sche cam to that hyll

Ther sche myth her owyn son see.
 My swet son, thou art me dere,
 Qwy have men hang the here?
 Thi hed is closyd with a brere;
 Qwy have men soo doo to the?

Johan, this woman I the betake;
 Kep this woman for my sake.
 On the rod I hyng for mannys sake,
 For synful men as thou may se.
 This game and love me must pley,
 For synfull sowlis that ar to dey;
 Ther ys no man that gothe be the wey,
 That on my peynis wyl loke and se.
 Fadyr, my sowle I the betake,
 My body deth for mannys sake;
 To hell I go withowtyn wake,
 Mannys sole to make fre.
 Prey we al to that blyssyd sone,
 That he us help wan we not mon,
 And bryng us to blys that is abone.
 Amen, amen, amen, for charite.

 XXXIV.

All that leve in cristen lay,
 Worshup every Cristmes day.
 A MAN was the fyrst gylt,
 And therfor he was spylt;
 The profycy was never spylt,
 Thyl on the Cristmes day.
 The fyrst day that lely sprong,
 Jhesu Crist be us among,
 Ever we thowte it was to long,
 Thyl on the Cristmes day.

It was dyrk, it was dym,
 For men that levyd in gret syn,
 Lucyfer was us al within,
 Thyl on the Cristmes day.
 Ther was wepping, ther was woo,
 For every man to hell gan goo.
 It was lityl mery thoo,
 Thyl on the Cristmes day.

XXXV.

Syng we to the Trenite, with *parce mihi, Domine.*

GAME and ernest ever among,
 And among al othyr degre,
 It is gud to thynke on my son,
 With *parce mihi, Domine.*

Qwan thou rysyst upon thi rest,
 Make a cross upon thi brest,
 I make this song for no vanite,
 With *parce mihi, Domine.*
 Go thou to the chyrche and her thi mes,
 And serve God with humilite ;
 Aske forzevenes of thi trespas,
 With *parce mihi, Domine.*

Qwan thou cumste home onto thi tabyll,
 Thou art servid with gret dignite ;
 Hold this song for no fabyll,
 With *parce mihi, Domine.*

Prey we bothe nyth and day
 The gret God in Trenite,
 Tho henne God theche us the wey,
 With *parce mihi, Domine.*

XXXVI.

A man that con his tong sterc,
 He ther not rek wer that he go.
 ITTES knowyn in every schyre,
 Wekyd tongges have no pere;
 I wold thei wer brent in the fer,
 That warke men soo mykyll wo.
 Ittes knowyn in every lond,
 Wekyd tongges don gret wrong,
 Thei make me to lynn long,
 And also in myche car.
 3yf a man go in clothes gay,
 Or elles in gud aray,
 Wekyd tongges yet wyl say,
 Wer cam the by therto.
 3yf a man go in cloys ill,
 And have not the world at wyl,
 Wekyd tongges thei wyll hym spyll,
 And seyð he ys a stake, lat hym goo.
 Now us to amend God 3eve us grace,
 Of repentens and of gud grace,
 That we mut se hys glorijs face.
 Amen, amen, for charyte.

XXXVII.

Nowel, el, el, el, el, I thank it a maydyn every del.

THE fyrst day wan Crist was borne,
Ther sprong a ros owt of a thorne,
To save mankynd that was for-lorne ;

I thanke it a maydyn every dyll.

In an oxstall the chyld was fownd,
In por clothynge the chyld was wond ;
He soferyd many a dedly wond ;

I thanke it a maydyn every dyll.

A garlond of thornys on his hed was sett,
A scharp sper to hys hart was smet ;
The Jewys seydyn, Take the that !

I thanke it a maydyn every dyll.

The Juwys dedyn cryyn her parlament ;
On the day of jugment,
They werryn aferd, thei huld hem schent.

I thanke it a maydyn every dyll.

Tho the peler he was bowdyn ;
Tho his hart a sper was stunggyn ;
For us he sofered a dedly wondyn.

I thanke it a maydyn every dyll.

XXXVIII.

Po, po, po, po, love brane and so do mo.

AT the begynnyng of the mete
Of a borys hed 3e schal hete,
And in the mustard 3e xal wete ;

And 3e xal syngyn or 3e gon.

Wolcum be 3e that ben here,
 And 3e xal have ryth gud chere,
 And also a ryth gud fare ;
 And 3e xal syngyn or 3e gon.
 Welcum be 3e everychon,
 For 3e xal syngyn ryth anon ;
 Hey 3ow fast that 3e had don,
 And 3e xal syngyn or 3e gon.

XXXIX.

In soro and car he led hys lyfe,
 That have a schrow ontyll his wyfe.

 3YNG men, I red that 3e be war,
 That 3e cum not in the snar ;
 For he is browt in meche car,
 That have a schrow onto his wyfe.
 In a panter I am caute,
 My fot his pennyd, I may not owt ;
 In sorow and car he his put,
 That have a schrow onto his wyf.
 With a qwene 3yf that thou run,
 Anon it is told into the town ;
 Sorow he hath both up and down,
 That have a schrow onto hys wyf.

XL.

HOLVYR and Heyvy mad a gret party,
Ho xuld have the maystri

In londes qwer thei goo.

Than spake Holvyr, I am frece and joly,
I wol have the maystri

In londes qwer thei goo.

Than spake Heyvy, I am lowd and prowde,
And I wyl have the maystri

In londes qwer thei goo.

Than spak Holvyr, and set hym downe on his kne,
I prey the, jentyl Heyvy,
Sey me no veleny,

In londes qwer we goo.

XLI.

Synful man, for Crystes sake, I red thou amendes make.

Thow thou byst kyng, and were the crowne;
Thow thou byst lord of towre and towne;
I set not by thi gret renowne,
But 3yf thou wylt amendes make,

Synful man, for Crystes sake.

Man, thou art both styf and strong,
Many a man thou hast do wrong;
Welaway sal be thi song,
But 3yf thou wylt amendes make,

Synful man, for Crystes sake.

Man ber not thi hed to hey ;
 For pumpe and pryd and lechery,
 In hel thi sole xal sor aby ;
 But 3yf thou wylt amendes make,
 Synful man, for Crystes sake.

Man, be war, the wey ys scheduler,
 Thou mast scleder thou wonest weder
 Body and sowll and al toogeder ;
 But 3yf thou wylt amendes make,
 Synful man, for Cristes sake.

XLII.

Off al the knottes that I se, I prese the knot in trenite.

AN aungell fro hevn gan lyth,
 A greth a maydyn that was so bryth ;
 A treu knot ther was knyt
 Betwyn them both in trinyte.

After ys that fayyrly fod,
 For hus he bled his hart blod,
 Qwan he was don on the rod,
 The knottes war knit with nales iij.

Wettnes of apostyll Johan,
 He ros hup and wold gon ;
 The knot was knyt with marbyl ston,
 Thorow the vertu of the trenyte.

On Schere Thursday he steyd to hevun,
 Hys fader hym blyssyd with myld stevn ;
 For to fulfyl the deddes wyll,
 The knot was knit with persons iij.

God xal rysyn at domusday,
 Hys v. knottes for to spray;
 To al men he xal say,
 Lo, man, wat knot I knyht for the.

XLIII.

Now ys the thwelthe day cum,
 The fadyr and the son togeder is won,
 The holy gost his wyth them num
 In fere:

 God send us gud neu ere.

I wold 3ow syng, and I myth,
 Of a chyld so fayyr in syth,
 A maydyn bar on Cristmes nyth,
 So styll,

 As it was hys wyll.

iiij. kyngges com fro Galely,
 Tho Bedlem, that fayer sety,
 For to ofer and se,
 Be nyth;

 It was a wol fayre syth.

As thei 3edyn with her offeryng,
 Thei met Herowd, that mody kyng;
 He askyd hem of her comyng,
 That tym,

 And thus to them gun say.

For wense cum 3e, now, kyngges iiij.?
 Out of the est of 3e may se,

For sekyng that ever xal be,

Thowre ryth,

Lord, kyng, and knyth.

Qwan 3e have at that chyld be,

Cum ageyn this wey be me,

And tell me as 3e have see,

I pray,

Go not another wey.

Of Harowd, that mody kyng,

Thei toke her leve both held and 3yng,

And for thei 3edyn with her offeryng

Be nyth,

The stere 3af them lyth.

Qwan thei com to that blysfyl place,

Jhesu with hys modyr was ;

Ther thei offeryd with gret solas,

In fere,

Gold, sens, and mere.

Qwan thei had her offeryng mad,

As the holy gost hem bad,

Then wer thei both mery and glad,

And lyth ;

It was a wel fayr syth.

Anon as thei away went,

The fathyr of hevun an aungell sent

To the kyngges that mad present,

Or day,

And thys tyl hem he sey.

My lord warnyd 3ow everychon,

That 3e not be Harowd gon ;

For yf ye don, he wol 3ow sclon,
 And strow,
 And do 3ow mekyll woo.
 Thei 3edyn all anodyr wey,
 Thorow the myth of Goddes lay,
 As the angel tyl hem gan say
 Fol tyth;
 It was a wol fayre syth.
 Qwan thei were cum into hyr cuntre,
 Mery and glad then wer thei,
 For the syth that thei had se,
 Be nyth;
 For as thei cam be lyth.
 Prey we al with gud devocioun,
 To that lord of gret renown,
 And of owre synnys we ask remysson,
 And grace
 In hevne to have a place.

XLIV.

MAKE we jow in this fest, *in quo Christus natus est.*
A patre unigenitus, to a maydyn is cum to us,
 Syng we of hym and sey wolcum, *veni, redemptor*
gencium,
Agnoscat omne seculum, a bryth stare kyngges mad cum,
 For to take with her presens *verbum superum prodiens.*
A solis ortus cardine so myty a lord is non as he.
 And to owre lord he hath greth.

Marya ventre concepit, the holy gost was ay hyr with ;
 Of hyr in Bedlem now born he is, *consors paterni luminis*,
Alme beata trinitas, that lay betwyn an ox an a as,
 By hys modyr maydyn fre, *gloria tibi, Domine*.

XLV.

Man, asay, say, say, make thi mone to Mary that myld may.

OF all thi frendes sche is the flowr,
 Sche wyll the bryng to thi honowr,
 Mary to kall thou hast colowre,

Asay, asay.

Sche bar Jhesu owr savyowr,
 Of al myschyfe sche is socowr.
 Mary is strowne in every schowr,

Asay, asay.

Sche is cundas full of grace,
 That spryngyth and spredyth in every place ;
 Mary to callyn gret ned thou has,

Asay, say.

Hyf thou be put in poverte,
 Or of thi frendes forsakyd thou be,
 Mary his lady of gret pete :

Asay, say.

3yf thou be aferd of thi foly,
 Or of thi day wan thou xal dey,
 Mary his laydy of gret mercy :

Asay, say.

So gracios and so gud sche is,
Sche bryng us al into blys,
Ther Mary lady and qwen is :
Asay, say.

XLVI.

Modyr whyt as lyly flowr,
3owr lullyng lessyth my langour.
As I up ros in a mornyng,
My thowth was on a mayd 3yng,
That song aslep with hyr lullyng
Her swet son, owr Savowr.
As sche hym held in hyr lape,
He toke hyr lovely by the pape,
And therof swetly he toke an appe,
And sok hys fyll of the lycowr.
To hys modyr gen he seye,
For this mylke me must deye,
It ys my kynd therwith to playe,
My swet modyr par amowr.
The maydyn frely gen to syng,
And in hyr song she mad mornyng,
How he that is owr hevyn kyng
Shuld shed hys blod with gret dolowr.
Modyr, thi wepyng grevyth me sor,
But I wold dey, thu haddys be lor ;
So away, modyr, and wep no mor ;
Thy lullyng lessyth my langowr.

Swych mornyng as the maydyn mad,
 I can not tell it in this howr;
 Therfor be mery and glade
 And make us mery for owr Savowr.

XLVII.

Hey howe, selymen, God helpe 3owe.
 THys indrys day befel a stryfe,
 Betwex an old man and hys wyfe;
 Sche toke hym by the berd so plyzt,
 With hey how.
 Sche toke hym by the berd so fast,
 Tyll both hys eyn on watyr gan brast,
 With hey how.
 Howt at the dore as he gan goo,
 Met he with hys neybrys too;
 Neybyr, why wepyst soo,
 With hey how?
 In my hows ys swyche a smeke,
 Goo ondyr and 3e schall wete,
 With hey how.

XLVIII.

Make we joy both more and lesse,
 On the dey of sent Thomas.
Pastor cesus in gregys medio,
Pacem emit cruorys precio.
 As storys wryght and specyfy,
 Sent Thomas, thorow Goddes sond,

Beyng a byschop of Canturbery,
Was martyrd for the ryght of Englund.
Hys moder be blyssyd that hym bar,
And also hys fader that hym begatt !
For war we wol beth fro sorow and care
Thorow the deth of the prelat.
Thys holy mane of God was accept,
For what so ever that he ded prayd,
Us frome the daunger conservyd and kepte.
Of the ransom we xuld have payd.
To and fyfty poyntes onresonabyll,
Consentyd of byschoppes many on,
Thou wast no[th]yng therto agreabyll,
Therfor thou sufferyd thi passyon,
Of knytes cruell and also wykyd
Thou sufferyd thi deth with myld mod.
Wherfor the chyrch is gloryfyyd
In the schedyng of thy blod.
To Cryst therfor lat us pray,
That for us deyyd on the rood,
Conserve us al both nyght and day,
Thorow the schedyng of Thomas blood.

XLIX.

To blys God bryng us al and sum,
Christe, redemptor omnium.

IN Bedlem, that fayer cyte,
Was born a chyld that was so fre,

Lord and prince of hey degre,

Jam lucis orto sidere.

Jhesu, for the lowe of the,

Chylder wer slayn grett plente

In Bedlem that fayer cyte,

A solis ortus cardine.

As the sune schynyth in the glas,

So Jhesu of hys moder borne was ;

Hym to serve God gyffe us grace,

O lux beata Trinitas.

Now is he oure Lord Jhesus ;

Thus hath he veryly vysyt us ;

Now to mak mery among us,

Exultet celum laudibus.

L.

THE best tre, if 3e tak entent,

Inter ligna fructifera,

Is the vyne tre, by good argument,

Dulcia ferens pondera.

Sent Luke seyth in hys gospell,

Arbor fructu noscitur.

The vyne beryth wyne, as I 3ow tell,

Hinc aliis preponitur.

The fyrst that plantyd the vynnayard,

Manet in celi gaudio ;

Hys name was Noe, as I am lernyd

Genesis testimonio.

God gave unto hym knowyng and wytte,

A quo precedunt omnia,

Fyrst of the grape wyne for to gytte,

Propter magna misteria.

Melchisedech mad offeryng,

Dando licorem vinium,

Ful myghtyly sacryfyng

Altaris sacrificium.

The fyrst of myraculs that Jhesu dyd

Erat in vino rubeo,

In Cana Galylee ther it betyd,

Testante Evangelio.

He changyd the watur into wyne,

Aque rubescunt idrie,

And bad gyve it to Archetriclyne,

Ut gustet tunc primarie.

Lyke as the rose excedyth all flowres

Inter cuncta florigera,

Soo doyth wyn other lycurs,

Dans multa salutifera.

David, the profyte, sayth that wyne

Letificat cor hominis,

It makyth men mery if it be fyne,

Est ergo digni nominis.

The malycoly fumosityesse,

Que generant tristiciam,

It causyth frome the hert to resse,

Tollens omnem mesticiam.

The fyrst chaptur specyfyeth

Libri Ecclesiastici,

That wyn is musyke of conyng delyeth,
Letificat cor clerici,
Surs, yf 3e wyll see boys
De disciplina scolarium,
Ther xall ye fynd withowten mysse
Quod vinum acuit ingenium.
Fyrst when Ipocras schuld dyspute
Cum viris sapientibus,
Gud wyne befor was hys prefute,
Acumen prebens sensibus.
It qwykynyth a manys sprytes in hys mynd,
Audaciam dat loquentibus;
Yf the wyne be good and well fynd,
Prodest sobrie bibentibus.
Good wyne receyvyd moderatly
Mox cerebrum letificat;
Drunkyn alsoo soberly,
Omne membrum fortificat.
Naturall hete well it strenggthes,
Digestionem roborans;
Helth of body also it lengthes,
Naturam humanam prosperans.
Good wyne provokes a man to swete,
Et plena lavat viscera;
It makyth a man wel to ete his mete,
Facitque corda prospera.
It noryssyth, if it be good,
Facit ut esset juvenis;
It gather to hym jentyl blood,
Nam purgat venas sanguinis.

Me thynkyth, syrs, by thes causys,

Que sunt rationabiles,

That wyne is best of al drynkkys

Inter potus notabiles.

Fyl the cop wele, bealeamy,

Potum mihi jamingere;

I have seyde tyll my lyppe be dry,

Vellem vinum nunc bibere.

Gentyll blood loveth gentyll drynk,

Simile amat simile:

Fyll the cope by the brynk,

Parum manebit bibere.

Wyne drynkers, with grett honoure,

Semper laudate Dominum;

The wych sendys this licoure,

Propter salutem hominum.

Plente to all that love good wyne

Donet Deus hoc largius,

And bryng them self, when thei go hens.

Ubi non siciant amplius.

LI.

Of the Purification.

Revertere, revertere, the quene of blysse and of beaute.

BEHOLD what lyfe that we ryne ine,

Frayl to fale and ever lyke to syne,

Thorow our enmys entysyng;

Therfor we syng and cry to the,

Revertere, etc.

Come hyder, lady, fayryst floure,
 And kepe us, lady, frome doloure;
 Defend us, lady, and be owr socoure;

For we cease not to cal to the,

Revertere, etc.

Torne owr lyfe, lady, to Goddys luste;
 Syne to fle, and fleschly luste;
 For aftur hym in the we trust

To kepe us frome adversyte:

Revertere, etc.

Thys holy day of Puryfycacyon
 To the temple thou bare owr salvacyon,
 Jhesu Cryst thin own swet sone;

To whome therfor now syng we,

Revertere, etc.

Farwell, Crystmas fayer and fre;
 Farwell, newers day with the;
 Farwell the holy Epyphane;

And to Mary now syng we,

Revertere, etc.

LII.

In what estate soever I be,

Timor mortis conturbat me.

As I went in a mery mornyng,
 I hard a byrd bothe wep and syng;
 Thys was the tenowr of her talkyng,

Timor, etc.

I asked that byrd what sche ment.
I am a musket bothe fayer and gent,
For dred of deth I am al schent ;

Timor, etc.

Whan I schal dey I know no day,
What countre or place I can not sey ;
Wherfor thys song syng I may,

Timor, etc.

Jhesu Cryst, whane he schuld dey,
To hys fader he gan sey,
Fader, he seyde, in trinyte,

Timor, etc.

Al crysten pepull behold and se,
This world is but a vanyte,
And replet with necessyte ;

Timor, etc.

Wak I or sclep, ete or drynke,
Whan I on my last end do thynk,
For grete fer my sowle do shrynke ;

Timor, etc.

God graunte us grace hym for to serve,
And be at owr end whan we sterve,
And frome the fynd he us preserve ;

Timor, etc.

LIII.

To almyghty God pray for pees,
Amice Christi Johannes.

O GLORIUS Johan evangelyste,
Best belovyd with Jhesu Cryst,
In cena Domini upon hys bryst
Ejus vidisti archana.

Chosen thou art to Cryst Jhesu,
Thy mynd was never cast frome vertu;
Thi doctryne of God thou dydest renu,
Per ejus vestigia.

Cryst on the rod, in hys swet passyon,
Toke the hys moder as to hyr sone;
For owr synnes gett grace and pardon,
Per tua sancta merita.

O most nobble of evangelystes all,
Grace to owr maker for us thou call,
And off swetenesse celestyall
Prebe nobis pocula.

And aftur the cowrs of mortalite,
In heven with aungels for to be,
Sayyng Ozanna to the Trinyte
Per seculorum secula.

LIV.

Pray for us, thou prynce of pes, *amici Christi, Johannes.*

To the now, Crystys der derlyng,
That was a mayd bothe old and 3yng,
Myn hert is sett for to syng,

Amici Christi, Johannes.

For he was so clene a maye,
On Crystys brest aslepe he laye,
The prevyteys of heyn ther he saye,

Amici Christi, Johannes.

Qwhen Cryst beforne Pilate was browte,
Hys clene mayd forsoke hym nowte,
To deye with hym was all hys thowte,

Amici Christi, Johannes.

Crystys moder was hym betake,
Won mayd to be anodyris make,
To help that we be nott forsake,

Amici Christi, Johannes.

LV.

Cantus.

PSALLIMUS cantantes Domino nova cantica dantes,
Cum canore jubilo et tibi discipulo,
Qui ex privilegio pre ceteris a Domino
Dilectus es, *Amice Christi, Johannes.*

Tu in Christi cena meruisti bene veneranda proflui,
Fontis unda limpidi pectoris dominici fluenta evangelii
Potatus es.

En Christum magistrum tradendum in capi, in ca-
piendo a missis,

Relictum a ceteris tuis condiscipulis in atrium pontificis
Secutus es.

Dum stans juxta crucem dat tibi Christus in nutricem
venerabilem,

Contristantem, flebilem, morienti similem, ut tu virgo
virginem

Diligeres.

In Porta Latina tu missus es coqui in ferventi oleo,
Sed illesus a dolio existi, ut a vicio et carnis contagio

Alienus es.

Omnibus est viris notum, quod tu menti, tu mentibus
hominum

Tuleris obprobrium ante aristodium calcem letiferum
Ebiberes.

Et post dies paucas es ductus ante Augustum sevissimum,
Domicianum pessimum, propter evangelium, in Pathmes
exilium

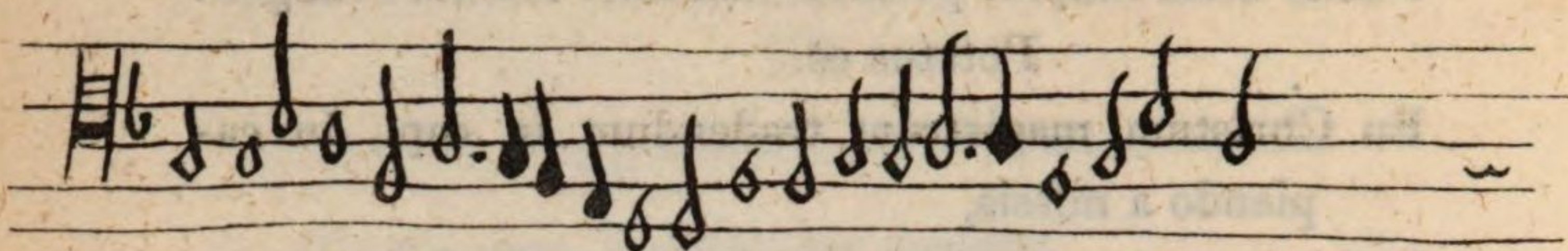
Dimissus es.

Exilio reversus in navigio submer, submersorum titulo,
Clarebas in Epheso et destructo ydolo templa data
Domino

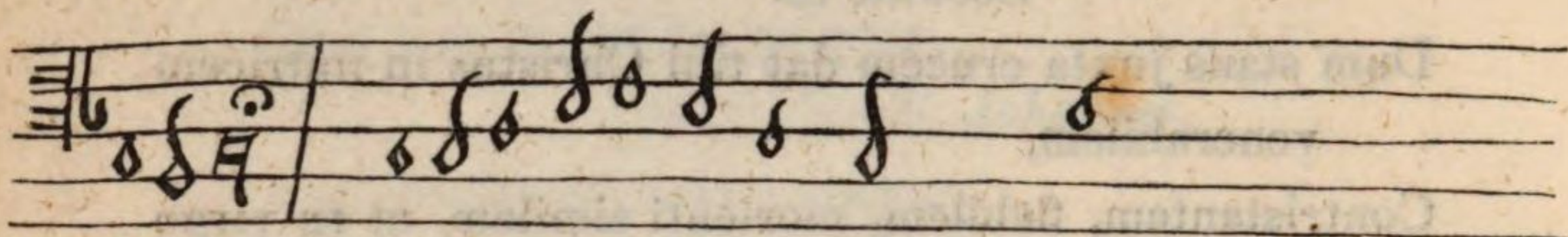
Purgatus es.

Nonagentis annis transisti in pa, pace tua tempora,
In sacra ecclesia post divina misteria senex ad convivia
Vocatus es.

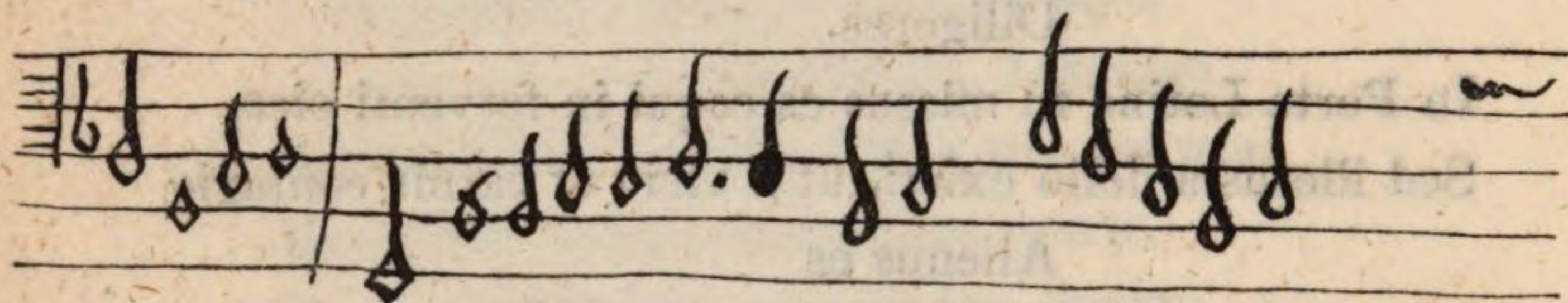
LVI.



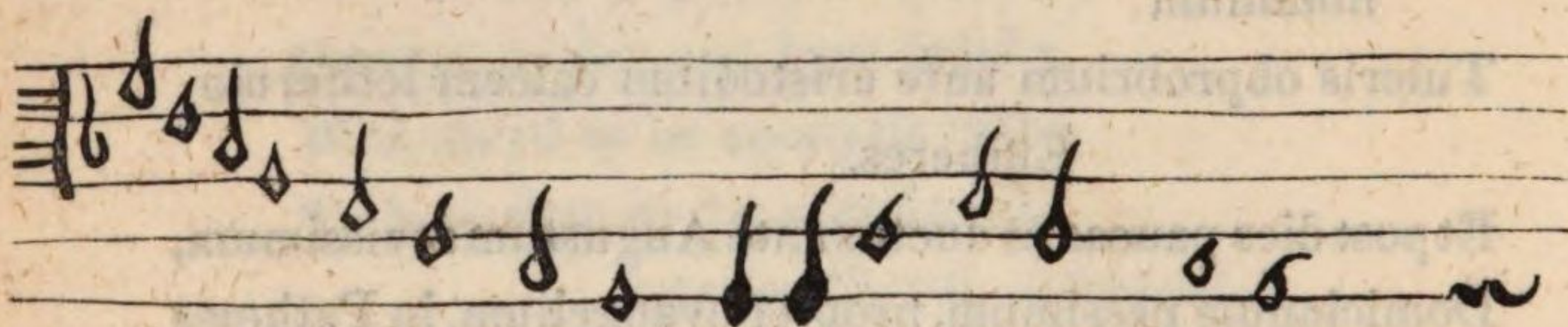
Nowell, nowell, nowell this is the salutacyoun of the angell,



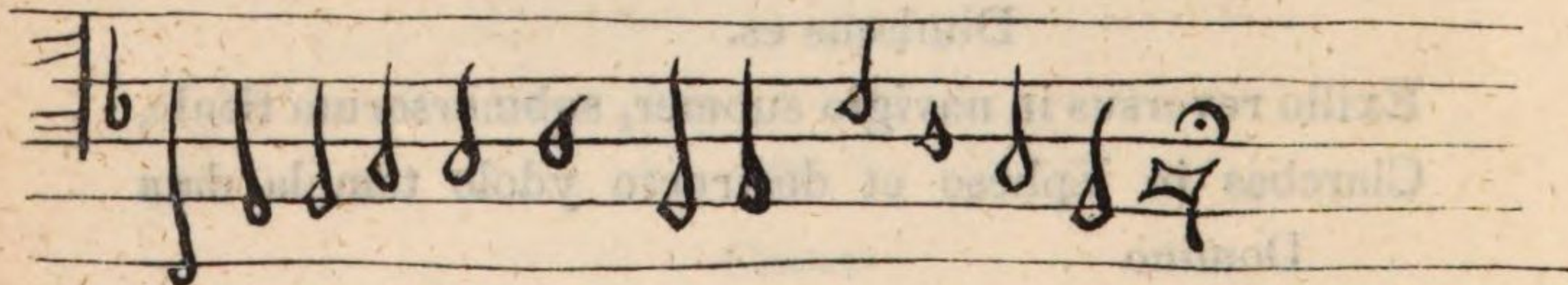
Gabryell. Tydynges trew ther be cum new, sent frome



the Trynyte, be Gabryell to Nazareth cety of Galile.



A clen maydyn and pure virgyn, thorow her humylyte,



hath conceyvyd the person secunde in deyte.

Thys is the tewyn for the song foloyng; yf so be that 3e wyll have another tewyn, it may be at 3owr plesure, for I have set all the song.

Bryng us in good ale, and bryng us in good ale;
For ovr blyssyd lady sak, bryng us in good ale.

BRYNG us in no browne bred, fore that is mad of brane,
Nor bryng us in no whyt bred, fore therin is no game.

But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no befe, for ther is many bonys,
But bryng us in good ale, for that goth downe at onys;

And bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no bacon, for that is passyng fate,
But bryng us in god ale, and gyfe us i-nought of that;

And bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no mutton, for that is often lene,
Nor bryng us in no tryfes, for thei be syldom clene;

But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no eggys, for ther ar many schelles,
But bryng us in good ale, and gyfe us no[th]yng ellys;

And bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no butter, for therin ar many herys;
Nor bryng us in no pygges flesch, for that wyl mak us
borys;

But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no podynges, for therin is al Godes good;
Nor bryng us in no venesen, for that is not for ovr
blod;

But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no capons flesch, for that is ofte der;
Nor bryng us in no dokes flesche, for thei slober in the
mer;

But bryng us in good ale.

LVII.

Nova, nova, sawe yow ever such,
The moste mayster of the hows weryth no brych.

DAYLY in Englund mervels be fownd,
And among maryd peple have such radicacyon,
Qwych to the uttermost expresse may no thong,
Ne pene cane scribull the totall declaracyon;
For women upon them tak such domynacyon,
And upon them self thei tak so mych,
That it causyth the mayster to abuse a brych.

Syns that Eve was procreat owt of Adams syde,
Cowd not such newels in this lond be inventyd;
The masculyn sex with rygurnesse and prid
Withther femals thei altercatt, ther self beyng schentyd,
And of ther owne self the corag is abatyd.
Wherfor it is not acordyng to syth to mych,
Lest the most mayster may wer no brych.

Yt is sene dayly both in borows and townys,
Wheras the copuls han mad objurgacyon,
The gowdwyff ful humanly to hyr spowse gave
gownys,
Wych [th]yng is oryginat of so gret presumpcyon,
That oftentymys the goodman is fal in a consumpcyon;
Wherfor, as I seyde, suffer not to mych,
Lest the most mayster weryth no brych.

Nat only in Englonde, but of every nacion,
The femynyng wyl presume men forto gyd;
3et God at the tyme of Adams creacyon
Gave man superiorite of them in every tyd.
But now in theys women is fxyd such pryd,
And upon them self wyl tak so mych,
That it constreynyth the most mayster to wer no brych.

But mayny women be ryght dylygent,
And so demuer ther husbondes aforne,
For of cryme or faut thei be innocent;
Butt falser than thei be wer never borne,
For wantenly ther husbondes thei wyl so dorne,
That owther thei wyl mak hym no thyng rych,
Or ellys the most mayster to wer no brych.

An adamant stone it is not frangebyll
With no thyng but with mylke of a gett;
So a woman to refrayne it is not posybyll
With wordes, except with a staffe thou hyr intrett.
For he that for a fawt hys wyff wyl not bett,
Wherin sche offendyt hym very mych,
The gyder of hys hows must nedes wer no brych.

A scald hed maye be coveryd and not sene;
And many thynges mo may be sone hyddyn;
But the hod of a syr, 3e wott what I mene,
Wych with too hornys infeckyd was and smyttyn,
By surgery to be helyd it is forbyddyn.
For thei have such an yssue abow the cheke,

That it constereynth the most mayster to wer no
bryke.

Wherfor ye maryd men that with wyvys be
acommaryd,

Dysplease nott yowr wyvys whom that 3e have ;

For whan thei be angry or sumwhatt dysplesyd,
Thei wyl gyffe a man a mark that he xal ber it to hys
grafe ;

Whobeit ther husbondes honeste to save

Clokydly withowt thei obey very mych,

And inwerdly the most mayster wer no brych.

Was not Adam, Hercules, and mythy Sampson,
Davyd the kyng, with other many mo,

Arystotyll, Vergyll, by a womans cavylacion,
Browt to iniquyte and to mych woo ?

Wherfor 3e maryd men ordur 3e soo,

That with 3owr wyfvys 3ow stryfe not to mych,

Lest the most mayster wer no brych.

LVIII.

Whane thes thynges foloyng be done to owr intent,
Than put women in trust and confydent.

WHEN nettuls in wynter bryng forth rosys red ;

And al maner of thorn trys ber fygys naturally ;

And ges ber perles in every med ;

And laurell ber cherys abundantly ;

And okes ber dates very plentuosly ;
And kyskys gyfe of hony superfluens ;
Than put women in trust and confydens.

Whan box ber papur in every lond and towne ;
And thystuls ber berys in every place ;
And pykes have naturally fethers in ther crowne ;
And bulles of the see syng a good bace ;
And men be the schypes fyschys do trace ;
And in women be fownd no incypyens ;
Than put hem in trust and confydens.

Whan whytynges do walke forestes to chase hertys ;
And herynges ther hornnys in forestes boldly blow ;
And marmsattes morn in mores and in lakys ;
And gurnardes schot rokes owt of a crose bow ;
And goslynges hunt the wolfe to overthrow ;
And sprates ber sperys in armys of defens ;
Than put women in trust and confydens.

Whan swyn be conyng in al poyntes of musyke ;
And asses be docturs of every scyens ;
And kattes do hel men be practysyng of fysyke ;
And boserds to scryptur gyfe ony credens ;
And marchans by with horne in sted of grotes and pens ;
And pyys be mad poetes for ther eloquens ;
Than put women in trust and confydens.

Whan spawrus byld chyrchys on a hyth ;
And wrenys cary sekkes onto the myll ;

And curlews cary tymber howsys to dyth;
 And fomaus ber butter to market to sell;
 And wodkokes wer wodk[n]yfys cranis to kyll;
 And gren fynchys to goslynges do obedyens;
 Than put women in trust and confydens.

Whan crowves tak sarmon in wodes and parkes,
 And be tak with swyftes and snaylys;
 And cammels in the eyer tak swallows and larkes;
 And myse move mountans with wagying of ther tayles;
 And schypmen tak a ryd in sted of saylles;
 And whan wyfvys to ther husbondes do no offens;
 Than put women in trust and confydens.

Whan hantlopes sermountes eglys in flyght;
 And swans be swyfter than haukes of the tower;
 And wrennys set goshaukes be fors and myght;
 And musketes mak vergese of crabbes sower;
 And schyppes seyl on dry lond, syll gyfe flower;
 And apes in Westmynster gyf jugment and sentens;
 Than put women in trust and confydens.

LIX.

Off the 5 joyes of owr lady.

A, a, a, a, gaude celi domina.

MARY, for the love of the,
 Glad and mery schal we be;
 Whe schal syng unto the,

Tua quinque gaudia.

The fyrste joy that came to the,
 Was whan the aungel greted the,
 And sayd, Mary, ful of charyte,
Ave, plena gracia.

The secund joye that was ful good,
 Whan Goddes son tok flesch and blood;
 Withowt sorow and changyng of mood
Enixa es puerpera.

The thyrd joy was ful of myght,
 Whan Goddes son on rood was pyght,
 Deed and buryed, and layd in syght,
Surrexit die tercia.

The fourth joy was on Holy Thursday,
 Whan God to heven tok hys way,
 God and man withowten nay,
Ascendit supra sydera.

The fyfth joy is for to come
 At the dredful day of dome,
 Whan he schal deme us al and some,
Ad celi palacia.

Mary to serve, God gyve us grace,
 And grete hyr with joys in every place,
 To cum afor hyr sones face
In seculorum secula.

LX.

A song in the tune of, And I were a mayd, etc.
 SWET Jhesus is cum to us
 This good tym of Crystmas;

Wherfor with prays syng we always,
Welcum ovr Messyas.

Hey, now, now, now.

The God almyght and kyng of lyght,
Whose powr is over all,
Gyve us of grace forto purchas
Hys realme celestyal.

Hey, etc.

Whe hys aungells and archangels
Do syng incessantly,
Hys princypates and potestates
Maketh gret armony.

Hey, etc.

The cherubyns and seraphyns,
With ther tynykes mery,
The trones al most musycall,
Syng the heavenly kery.

Hey, etc.

The vertues clere ther tunes bere,
Ther quere for to repayre;
Whose song to hold was manyfold
Of domynacyons fayer.

Hey, etc.

With on acord serve we that Lord
With laudes and orayson,
The wych hayth sent, by good assent,
To us hys onely sone.

Hey, etc.

Borne ful porly, redy to dey,
For to redeme us all,

In the jury, of mayd Mary,
In a poore oxes stall.

Hey, etc.

He taught the sawes of crysten lawes
To hys apostels twelve ;
In flome Jordan, of good saynt Johan,
He was crystned hym selve.

Hey, etc.

Hym selfe ded preche, and the folke tech
The commaundmentes tene.
He went barfote, that swete herte rote,
Example to all mene.

Hey, etc.

The lame and blynd, men owt of mynd,
And the demonyacle,
The deaf and dombe, men layd in tombe,
Wher hol by hys myracle.

Hey, etc.

The Jewes truly had grete envy
To se hys myght expresse ;
Thei ded conspyre by grete desyre
To deth hym for to dresse.

Hey, etc.

But by hys myght, thei had no syght
To know hys corpolence ;
Tyll unwysse bold Judas hym sold
For thyrty golden pence.

Hey, etc.

Than thei hym tost, and at a post
Thei bownd hym lyk a thefe ;

Thei ded hym bete with scorges grete,
To put hym to reprefe.

Hey, etc.

Nakyd and bare, hys flesch thei tare,
And with a crowne of thorne
Thei ded hym crowne, the blod rane downe,
And gane hym arede in scorn.

Hey, etc.

With mokkes and mowes, buffetes and blowes,
And other cursed thewes,
Thei gan to cry dyspytously,
Al hayle the kyng of Jewes!

Hey, etc.

With dredfull othes, the wych hym lothes,
Thei cryd, *crucifige!*
To Calvary thei gane hym hy,
The crosse hym self bar he.

Hey, etc.

They hym naylyd, and yl flaylyd,
Alas, that innocent!
Lunges, blynd knyght, with al hys myght,
With a spere hys hart rent.

Hey, etc.

Watur and blod fro hys hart yode,
And yet that blyssyd sone
Prayd for thosse that ware hys fosse,
To get for them pardone.

Hey, etc.

Lo, what kyndnesse in owr dystresse
That Lord ded schow us than,

The deth to tak, al for owr sake,
And bryng us fro Sathan.

Hey, etc.

Owr savyour, our creatur,
On the crosse deyed ther;
Of newe tourment we do hym rent,
Whan we hys membres swer.

Hey, etc.

Then let us pray, both nyght and day,
To hym *per omnia*,
That we may cum to hys kyndome
In finis secula.

LXI.

A song upon, Now must I syng, etc.

Nowel, nowel, nowel, syng we with myrth,
Cryst is come wel, with us to dwell,
By hys most noble byrth.

UNDER a tre, in sportyng me
Alone by a wod syd,
I hard a mayd that swetly sayd,
I am with chyld this tyd.

Nowell, etc.

Gracyusly conceyvyd have I
The son of God so swete;
Hys gracyous wyll I put me tyll,
As moder hym to kepe.

Nowell, etc.

Both nyght and day, I wyll hym pray,
 And her hys lawes taught,
 And every dell hys trewe gospell
 In hys apostles fraught.

Nowell, etc.

Thys goostly case dooth me embrace,
 Withowt dyspyte or moke,
 With my derlyng, lullay to syng,
 And lovely hym to roke.

Nowell, etc.

Withowt dystresse, in grete lyghtnesse,
 I am both nyght and day;
 This heavenly fod, in hys chyldhod,
 Schal dayly with me play.

Nowell, etc.

Soone must I syng, with rejoycyng,
 For the tym is all ronne,
 That I schal chyld, all undefyld,
 The kyng of hevens sonne.

Nowell, etc.

LXII.

Evere more, where so ever I be,
 The dred of deth do troble me.

As I went me fore to solasse,
 I hard a mane syght and say, alasse!
 Off me now thus stond the casse,
 The dred of, etc.

I have be lorde of towr and towne,
I sett not be my grett renowne;
For deth wyll pluckyd all downe;

The dred off deth do trobyll me.

Whan I shal deye I ame not suere,
In what countre or in what howere;
Wherefore I sobbyng sey to my power,

The dred off deth do troble me.

Whan my sowle and my body departyd shall be,
Off my jugment no man cane tell me,
Nor off my place wher that I shal be;

Therefore dred off deth do troble me.

Jhesu Cryst, whan that he shuld sofer hys passyon,
To hys fader he seyde, with gret devocyon,
Thys is the cause off my intercessyon,

The dred off deth do troble me.

Al crysten pepul, be ye wysse and ware,
Thys world is butt a chery ffare,
Replett with sorow and fulfyllyd with care;

Therefore the dred off deth do troble me.

Whether that I be mery or good wyne drynk,
Whan that I do on my last daye thynk,
It mak my sowle and body schrynke;

Fore the dred of deth sore troble me.

Jhesu us graunt hyme so to honowr,
That at owr end he may be owr socowr,
And kepe us fro the fendes powr;

For than dred of deth shal not troble me.

LXIII.

Prey we to the Trinyte,
And to al the holy compane,
For to bryng us to the blys,
The wych shal never mysse.

JHESUS, for thi holy name,
And for thi beter passyon,
Save us from syn and shame
And endeles damnacyon;
And bryng us to that blysse,
That nevere shal mysse.

O gloryusse lady, quen off heven,
O mayden and o mothere bryght,
To thy sonne with myld steven
Be ovr gyde both day and nyght;
That we may cum to that blysse,
The wych never shal mysse.

Gabryell and Raphaell,
With scherapyn and seraphyn,
Archangell Mychaell,
With all the orderes nyne,
Bryng us to that blysse,
The wych never shal mysse.

O ye holy patryarkys,
Abraham, Ysaak, and many moo,
Ye were full blyssed in yowr werkes,

With Johan the Baptyst also,
For to bryng us to that blysse,
The wych never shal mysse.

The holy apostoles off Cryst,
Petur, Paule, and Bartylmewe,
With Thomas, and Johan the evangelyst,
And Andrew, Jamys, and Mathewe,
Bryng us to that heavenly blysse,
The wych never shal mysse.

Pray fore us ye seyntys bryght,
Stevyn, Laurence, and Cristofore,
And swete Georg, that noble knyght,
With all the marters in the qwere,
That we may cum to that blysse,
The wych never shall mysse.

Blyssyd confessor, sent Gregory,
With Nycholas, and Edward kyng,
Sent Leonard, and Antony,
To yow we pray above all thyng,
To helpe us to that blysse,
The wych never shal mysse.

O yow blyssed matrones,
Anne and swet sent Elsabeth,
With al the gloryus vyrgyns,
Kateryne and noble sent Margaret,
Bryng us to the heavenly blysse,
The wych never shal mysse.

All the company celestyall,
 The wych do syng so musycall,
 To the kyng pryncypall
 Pray fore us terrestyall,
 That we may cum to that blysse,
 The wych never shall mysse.

LXIV.

Off al the enmys that I can fynd,
 The tong is most enmy to mankynd.

With pety movyd, I am constreynyd
 To syng a song fore yowr comfort,
 How that dyvers have compleynyd
 Off tong ontru and ill report,
 Sayng thus, withowt dysport,
 Off all, etc.

Thys tong is instrument off dyscord,
 Causyng war and grett dystans
 Betwyne the subjecte and the lord,
 The perfytt cause off every grevans.
 Wherfor I syng withowt dysplesans,
 Of all, etc.

Thow that prestes be never so pacient,
 In towne, cite, or in cowrt ryall ;

Thow the religyus be never so obedient ;
 Yeit a ill tong wyll trobull them all.
 Wherefore this song reherse I shall,
 Of all, etc.

Iff he that ill be another do saye,
 Hys propere fawtes wold behold,
 How oftynnis hyme self wer owt off the way,
 Sylens to hyme than shuld be gold,
 And with me to syng he wold be bold,
 Off all, etc.

Frome this tonge a venamus serpent,
 Defend us, fader, to the we pray,
 As thou onto us thi sone have sent,
 Fore to be borne this present daye ;
 Lesse that we syng and evermore saye,
 Off all, etc.

 LXV.

Nowell, nowell, this is the salutacion off the aungell Gabriell.
 TYDYNES trew ther be cum new, sent frome the Trinite,
 Be Gabriel to Nazaret, cite of Galile ;
 A clene mayden and pure virgyn thorow hyre humilite
 Conceyvid the secund person in divinite.

Whan he fyrst presentid was before hyr fayer visag,
 In the most demuer and goodly wys he ded to hyr omag,

And seid, Lady, frome heven so hy, that lordes herytag,
The wich off the borne wold be, I am sent on messag.

Hayle, virgyne celestial, the mekest that ever was ;
Hayle, temple of deite and myrrour off all grace ;
Hayle, virgyne puer, I the ensure within full lyty[1]
space,

Thou shalt receyve and hym conceyve that shal bryng
gret solace.

Sodenly she, abashid truly, but not al thyng dysmaid,
With mynd dyscret and mek spyryt to the aungell she
said :

By what maner shuld I chyld bere, the wich ever a
maid

Have lyvid chast, al my lyf past, and never mane
asaid ?

Than ageyne to hire certeyn answered the aungell,
O lady dere, be off good chere, and dred the never a
dell,

Thou shalt conceyve in thi body, mayden, very God
hym self,

In whos byrth heven and erth shal joy, callid Emanuell.

Not it, he seid, vj. monethys past, thi cosyn Elyzabeth,
That was barren, conceyvid sent Johan, tru it is that
I tell ;

Syn she in ag, why not in yought mayst thou conceyve
as well,

If God wyl, whome is possybyll to have don every dell?

Thane ageyne to the aungell she answered womanly,
 What ever my lord commaund me do, I wyll obey
 mekely,

Ecce sum humilima ancilla Domini,
Secundum verbum tuum, she seid, fiat mihi.

LXVI.

Doll thi ale, doll, doll thi ale, dole,
 Ale mak many a mane to have a doty poll.

Ale mak many a mane to styk at a brere ;
 Ale mak many a mane to ly in the myere ;
 And ale mak many a mane to slep by the fyere ;
 With doll.

Ale mak many a mane to stombyl at a stone ;
 Ale mak many a mane to go dronken home ;
 And ale mak many a mane to brek hys tone ;
 With doll.

Ale mak many a mane to draw hys knyfe ;
 Ale mak many a mane to mak gret stryfe ;
 And ale mak many a mane to bet hys wyf ;
 With dole.

Ale mak many a mane to wet hys chekes ;
 Ale mak many a mane to ly in the stretes ;
 And ale mak many a mane to wet hys shetes ;
 With dole.

Ale mak many a mane to stombyll at the blokkes ;
 Ale mak many a mane to mak his hed have knokkes ;
 And ale mak many a mane to syt in the stokkes ;
 With dol. G

Ale mak many a mane to ryne over the falows ;
 Ale mak many a mane to swere by God and alhalows ;
 And ale mak many a mane to hang upon the galows ;
 With doll.

LXVII.

Blyssid be that lady bryght,
 That bare a chyld off great myght,
 Withouten peyne, as it was right,
 Mayd mother Marye.

Goddys sonne is borne, his moder is a maid .
 Both aftur and beforne, as the prophycy said,
 With ay ;

A wonder thyng it is to se,
 How mayden and moder on may be ;
 Was there nonne but she,
 Maid moder Marye.

The great lord of heaven owr servant is becom,
 Thorow Gabriels stevyn, owr kynd have benom,
 With ay ;

A wonder thyng it is to se,
 How lord and servant on may be ;
 Was ther never nonne but he,
 Born off maid Marye.

Two sons togyther they owght to shyne bryght ;
 So did that fayer ladye, whan Jesu in hir light,
 With ay ;

A wonder thyng is fall,
 The lord that bought fre and thrall,
 Is found in an assis stall,
 By his moder Mary.

The sheperdes in her region thei lokyd into heaven,
 Thei se an angell commyng down, that said with myld
 steven,

With ay ;
 Joy be to God almyght,
 And pece in yerth to man is dyte,
 Fore God was born on Chrismes nyght
 Off his moder Marye.

Thre kynges off great noblay, whan that chyld was born,
 To hym they tok the redy way, and kneled hym beforne,

With ay ;
 Thes iij. kynges cam fro fare,
 Thorow ledyng of a stare,
 And offered hym gold, encence, and mure,
 And to hys moder Mary.

LXVIII.

O mervelous and blessed nativite off Goddes sonne in divinite.

WELCOME be thys blissed feest
 Off Jesu Christ in trinite,
 That is reformer off owre reste,
 Lovyng peace and charite.

In tyme off peace thys chyld was borne,
As it was shewed in prophicye,
To save mankynd that was forlorn,
Fore kyng off peace he is trulye.

Born mervelously he was,
Full off blysse and divinite;
And she a mayd never the lesse,
And so was never nonne but she.

In his byrth holy was knytt
God and man in his degre,
Moder and mayd together were sett,
Feith in mans hart ever to be.

Therfor praye we to that lord,
And to his moder mayden fre,
To mak us wisse in wark and word,
To praysse and please the Trinite.

LXIX.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, now syng we.

HER commys holly, that is so gent,
To please all men is his intent.

Alleluia.

But, lord and lady off this hall,
Who so ever ageynst holly call,
Alleluia.

Who so ever ageynst holly do crye,
In a lepe shall he hang full hye.

Alleluia.

Who so ever ageynst holly do syng,
He maye wepe and handys wryng.

Alleluia.

LXX.

Ivy chefe off treis it is, *veni coronaberis.*

THE most worthy she is in towne ;

He that seyth other, do amysse ;

And worthy to bere the crowne ;

Veni coronaberis.

Ivy is soft and mek off spech,

Ageynst all bale she is blysse ;

Well is he that may hyre rech ;

Veni coronaberis.

Ivy is green, with coloure bright,

Off all treis best she is ;

And that I preve well now be right ;

Veni coronaberis.

Ivy beryth berys black ;

God graunt us all his blysse !

Fore there shall we nothyng lack :

Veni coronaberis.

LXXI.

In villa quid vidisti, in villa?

MANY a man blame his wif, parde,
 Yet he is more to blame than she;
 Trow ye that ony such there be,

In villa?

Ye, ye, hold yowr peasse fore shame,
 Be owr lady, ye be to blame;
 Wene ye that womens tonges be lame,

In villa?

Nay, God forbid, it is naturall
 For them to be right liberall;
 I now report me over all,

In villa.

Every where I have espyed,
 All women be not tong-tyed;
 And if thei were, thei be belied,

In villa.

If ought be said to them sertayn,
 Wene ye thei will not answer agayn?
 Yes, by Christ, fore every word twayn,

In villa.

Now in good faith, the soth to say,
 Thei have gret cause frome day to day;
 Fore thei may nother sport nor playe,

In villa.

Ther husbondes controll them so secretly;
 But yet no forse fore that hardly,
 Fore ther scewise shalbe mad so craftely,

In villa.

Who sey ye, women that husbondes have,
Wyl not yow owr honour save,
And call them lowsy stynckyng knaves,

In villa.

Ye, so have I hard tell ore thys,
Not fare out off thys contre i-wis;
Off some off them men shal not mys,

In villa.

God wott, gret caus have thei among;
But dout ye not, ther hartes be strong;
Fore thei may suffere no maner off wrong,

In villa.

And if thei dyd, ther hartes wold brast;
Wherfor in soth I hold it best,
Lett them alon in the devillis rest,

In villa.

Ye husbondes all, with on assent,
Lett yowr wyffis have ther entent;
Ore, by my trowth, ye wilbe shent,

In villa.

It is hard ageynst the strem to stryve;
Fore he that cast hym for to thryve,
He must ask off hys wiffe leve,

In villa.

Ore elles, be God and be the rood,
Be he never so wild ore wood,
His her shal grow thorow his hood,

In villa.

LXXII.

Off all creaturs women be best,
Ejus contrarium verum est.

IN every place ye may well se,
That women be trew as tyrtyll on tre;
Not liberall in langag, but ever in secrete,
And gret joy among them is fore to be.

The stedfastnesse off women wil never be don,
So gentyll, so curtes thei be everichon,
Mek as a lambe, styll as a stone;
Crockyd ne crabbyd fynd ye none.

Men be more combres a thowsand fold;
And I mervill who thei dare be so bold,
Ageynst women fore to hold,
Seing them so pacient, soft and cold.

Fore tell a woman all yowr counsayle,
And she cane kepe it wonder weyll;
She had lever go qwyck to hell
Than to hire neyboure she wold it tell.

Fore by women men be reconsyled;
Fore by women was never man begiled;
Fore by women was never man betraied;
Fore by women was never man bewreyed.

Now sey well by women, ore elles be styll;
Fore they never displeasid man by ther will;
To be angry ore wroth thei cannot skyll,
Fore I dare sey they thynk no ill.

Trow ye that they lyst to smatter,
Ore ageynst ther husbondes to clatter?
Nay, thei had lever fast bred and water,
Then fore to presse such a matter.

Thowe all the pacience in the world wer drownd,
And nonne were left here on the grownd,
Ageyn in women it myght be fownd,
Such vertu in them doth abownd.

To the taverne thei will not goo,
Nore to the ale howse never the moo;
Fore, God wott, ther hartes shulbe woo,
To spend ther husbondes money soo.

If here wer a woman ore a mayd,
That list forto go freshly arayd,
Ore with fyne kerchefs to go displaid,
Ye wold saie thei be proud, it is evil said.

LXXIII.

Women, women, women, women,
A song I syng even off women.

SOME be mery, and some be sad,
And some be good and some be bad;

Some be wyld, be sent Chad !

Yet all be not so.

Fore some be lewd, and some be shrewd ;

Go shrew, wher so ever ye go.

Some be wise, and some be fond ;

Some be tame, I understond ;

Some wil tak bred at a mans hond ;

Yet al be not so.

For some be lewd, and some be shrewd ;

Go shrew, wher so ever ye go.

Some be angry, and cannot tell wherfor ;

Some be scornynge ever more ;

And some be tuskyd lyk a bore ;

Yet all be not so.

For some be lewd, and some be shrewd ;

Go shrew, where so ever ye go.

Som wilbe dronken as a mouse ;

Some be crokyd, and will hurt a lowse ;

And some be fayer and good in a howse ;

Yet all be not so.

Fore some be lewd, and some be shrewd ;

Go shrew, wher so ever ye go.

Some be snowtyd lyk an ape ;

Some can nother pley ne jape ;

And some off them be well shape ;

Yet all be not so.

Fore some be lewd, and some be shrewd ;

Go shrew, wher so ever ye go.

Some can prate without hyere ;

Some cane pley check mat with owr syere ;

And some mak debate in every shyere ;

Yet all be not so.

Fore some be lewd, and some be shrewd ;

Go shrew, wher so ever ye go.

LXXIV.

How, gossip myn, gossipe myn,

When wyll ye go to the wyn.

I WYLL yow tell a full good sport,

How gossyps gather them on a sort,

Theyre syk bodes for to comfort,

When thei mett in a lane ore stret.

But I dare not, fore ther displesaunce,

Tell off thes maters half the substaunce ;

But yet sumwhatt off ther governaunce,

As fare as I dare, I will declare.

Good gossipe myn, where have ye be ?

It is so long syth I yow see.

Where is the best wyn ? tell yow me.

Can yow ought tell full wele.

I know a drawght off mery-go-downe,
The best it is in all thys towne ;
But yet wold I not, fore my gowne,
My husbond it wyst, ye may me trust.

Call forth yowr gossips by and by,
Elynore, Jone, and Margery,
Margaret, Alis, and Cecely ;
Fore thei will come both all and sume.

And ich of them wyll sumwhat bryng,
Gosse, pygge, ore capons wyng,
Pastes off pigeons, ore sum other thyng ;
Fore a galon off wyn thei will not wryng.

Go befoore be tweyn and tweyn,
Wysly, that ye be not seen ;
Fore I must home, and come ageyn,
To witt i-wys where my husbond is.

A strype ore ij. God myght send me,
If my husbond myght her se me.
She that is aferd, lett her fle,
Quod Alis than, I dred no man.

Now be we in tavern sett,
A drawght off the best lett hyme fett,
To bryng owr husbondes out off dett ;
Fore we will spend, tyll God more send.

Ech off them brought forth ther dysch ;
Sum brought flesh, and sume fysh.
Quod Margaret mek, now with a wysch,
I wold Ane were here, she wold mak us chere.

How sey yow, gossips, is this wyne good ?
That it is, quod Elenore, by the rood ;
It cherisheth the hart, and comfort the blood ;
Such jonckettes among shal mak us lyv long.

Anne, byd fill a pot of muscadell ;
Fore off all wyne I love it well,
Swete wyne kepe my body in hele ;
If I had off it nought, I shuld tak gret thought.

How look ye, gossip, at the bordes end ?
Not mery, gossip ? God it amend.
All shalbe well, elles God it defend ;
Be mery and glad, and sitt not so sadde.

Wold God I had don aftur yowr counsell !
Fore my husbond is so fell,
He betyth me lyk the devill off hell ;
And the more I cry, the lesse mercy.

Alys with a lowd voyce spak than,
I-wis, she seid, lytyll good he cane,
That betyth ore strykyth ony woman,
And specially his wyff; God gyve him short lyve!

Margaret mek seid, So mot I thryffe,
I know no man that is alyffe,
That gyve me ij. strokes, but he shal have fyffe;
I ame not aferd, though I have no berd.

On cast down her schott, and went her wey.
Gossip, quod Elenore, what dyd she paye?
Not but a peny. Lo, therefore I saie,
She shal be no more off owr lore.

Such gestes we may have i-nowe,
That will not fore ther shott alow.
With whom cum she? gossipe, with yow?
Nay, quod Jone, I come alone.

Now rekyn owr shott, and go we hence,
What? cost it ich off us but iij. pence?
Parde, thys is but a smale expence,
Fore such a sort, and all but sport.

Torn down the street where ye cum owt,
And we will compasse rownd abowt.
Gossip, quod Anne, what nedyth that dowl?
Yowr husbondes be plesyd, when ye be reisyd.

What so ever ony man thynk,
Whe cum fore nowght but fore good drynk.
Now lett us go whom and wynk;
Fore it may be sen, where we have ben.

Thys is the thought that gossips tak,
Ons in the weke mery will thei mak,
And all small drynk thei will forsak;
But wyne off the best shall han no rest.

Sume be at the taverne ons in a weke;
And so be sume every daie eke;
Ore ellis thei will gron and mak them sek.
Fore thynges usid will not be refusyd.

Who sey yow, women, is it not soo?
Yes, suerly, and that ye wyll know;
And therfore lat us drynk all a row,
And off owr syngyng mak a good endyng.

Now fyll the cupe, and drynk to me;
And than shal we good felows be.
And off thys talkyng leve will we,
And speak then good off women.

LXXV.

Tyrle, tyrle, so merylye the shepperdes began to blowe.

ABOWT the fyld thei pyped full right,
Even abowt the middes off the nyght;
Adown frome heven thei saw cum a light.
Tyrle, tirlle.

Off angels ther came a company,
With mery songes and melody.
The shepperdes anonne gane them aspy.

Tyrle, tyrle.

Gloria in excelsis, the angels song,
And said, who peace was present among,
To every man that to the faith wold long.

Tyrle, tyrle.

The shepperdes hyed them to Bethleme,
To se that blyssid sons beme;
And ther they found that glorious streame.

Tyrle, tyrle.

Now preye we to that mek chyld,
And to his mothere that is so myld,
The wich was never defyld,

Tyrle, tyrle.

That we may cum unto his blysse,
Where joy shall never mysse.
Than may we syng in Paradice:

Tirle, tirle.

I pray yow all that be here,
Fore to syng and mak good chere,
In the worship off God thys yere.

Tyrle, tirle.

LXXVI.

God that sytteth in trinite,
Amend this world, if thi will it be.

VYCYCE be wyld, and vertues lame;
And now be vicyce turned to game;

Therefore correccion is to blame,
 And besyd his dignite.
Pacyence hath taken a flyght;
And melady is out off syght.
Now every boy will counterfett a knyght,
 Report hym self as good as he.
Princypally among every state,
In court men thynk ther is gret bate,
And peace he stondyth at the gate,
 And morneth aftur charite.
Envy is thyk, and love thyne:
And specyally among owr kyne;
Fore love is without the dore and envy within;
 And so kyndnesse away gane fle.
Fortewn is a mervelous chaunce;
And envy causeth gret distaunce;
Both in Englund and in Fraunce
 Exilyd is benyngnyte.
Now lett us pray both on and all,
And specyally upon God call,
To send love and peace among us all,
 Among all men in christente.

NOTES.

P. 4, l. 2. *Man, be war.* The first stanza of this song is given, with very little variation, in the middle of a song in the Sloane MS., fol. 6, v^o, as follows,—

Man, be war, the weye is sleder,
Thou xal slyde thou wost not qweder,
Body and sowle xul go togeder,

But if thou wilt amendes make.

P. 4, l. 7. *Secators.* The dishonesty of executors was proverbial in the middle ages, and they appear often to have embezzled money intended for charitable and religious purposes. Hence we meet with not unfrequent, and of course not uninterested, admonitions to the living to dispose of their goods to the church for the benefit of their souls, before death, rather than leave it to the honesty of executors after. See again, p. 34, l. 16, of the present volume.

P. 12, No. x. Another copy of this carol is printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii, p. 76, from a MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, of the latter part of the fifteenth century.

P. 18, No. XIII. Another copy of this short song is found in the Sloane MS., fol. 9, v^o.

P. 12, No. XVI. This song is found also, with some variations, in the Sloane MS., fol. 6, v^o.

P. 24, No. XIX. Another copy of this song or carol is in the Sloane MS., fol. 33. v^o.

P. 25, ll. 9-12. This stanza, relating to St. Thomas of Canterbury, has been blotted out in the MS. by a later hand.

P. 25, No. XX. This and the one given on p. 42, are two new specimens of the curious songs for the ancient ceremony

of bringing in the boar's head at Christmas. Others were printed by Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*, and a very curious one will be found in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii, p. 30.

P. 31, l. 6. *Bede*. An allusion to rather an absurd legend relating to Bede, which was popular at the time these songs were written.

P. 31, No. xxvi. Another copy of this song is found in Sloane MS., fol. 24, v^o, with some not very important variations.

P. 35 and 37. The manuscript was here a little torn; the letters in Italics are supplied by conjecture; the few lacunes marked by dots I have not ventured to supply in this manner.

P. 36, l. 6. *At London at the Parvis*. The Parvis or portico of St. Paul's in London, was the common place of consultation among the Lawyers. Thus Chaucer, *Cant. T.* l. 311,

A sergeant of lawe, war and wys,

That often hadde ben atte Parvys.

P. 38, No. xxxiii. This song is also found, but with rather considerable variations, in the Sloane MS., fol. 23, r^o.

P. 44, No. xl. This curious song seems to have some connection with the song on the Ivy and the Holly, printed from MS. Harl., No. 5396, in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*. Songs on the Ivy and on the Holly will be found in the present volume, p. 84 and 85.

P. 46, No. xliii. Another copy of this carol, but with very considerable variations, is found in the Sloane MS., fol. 17, r^o. Some stanzas are omitted in that copy, and others altered, and after l. 13, on p. 48, the carol there goes on to the conclusion thus,—

With tresoun to us gan he sayn,

He trowid Jhesu to han slayn ;

Into Egypt thei went ful playn,

Be syde,

Josep was here gyde.

Into Bedlem thai gunne pas;
 The sterre gan schynyn in here fas
 Brytter than ever schon sunne in glas;
 In londe,
 Jhesu with Mari thai fonde.

Kyng Herowdes he mad his vow,
 Gret plente of chylderin he slow,
 He wende ther xuld a be Jhesu;
 I saye,
 He falyid of his praye.

Herowdes was wod in ryalte,
 He slow schylderin ryght gret plente,
 In Bedlem that fayre cete,
 With stryf;
 Ne left he non on lyf.

The chyldren of Israel cryid, wa, wa;
 The moderis of Bedlem cryid, ba, ba;
 Herowdes low, and seyd, a ha!
 That qwede,
 The kyng of Juwys is dede.

Almyty God in mageste,
 In o god personys thre,
 Bryng us to the blysse that is so fre
 In fere,
 And send us a good newe yere.

P. 50, No. XLVI. This song also is in the Sloane MS., fol. 16, v^o.

P. 51, No. XLVIII. The whole of this song of St. Thomas has been designedly blotted out with a pen in the MS.

P. 60, No. LV. This Latin chaunt is accompanied with musical notes in the MS.

6 P. 12, No. LVI. This is a much better and more perfect copy of a curious drinking song which had already been printed by Ritson (*Dissertation on Ancient Songs and Music*, p. xxxiv) from MS. Harl. 541, fol. 214, v^o., written in the

reign of Henry VI. In the copy printed by Ritson the whole song runs thus :—

Bryng us home good ale, sir, bryng us home good ale,
And for our der Lady love, brynge us home good ale.

Brynge us home no beff, sir, for that ys full of bones,
But brynge home good ale i-nough, for I love wyle that.

But, etc.

Brynge us home no wetyn bred, for that is full of braund,
Nothyr no ry brede, for that ys of that same.

But, etc.

Brynge us home no porke, sir, for that ys very fat,
Nethyr no barly brede, for nethyr lovys I that.

But brynge us home good ale.

Bryng us home no muttun, sir, for that ys togh and lene,
Nethyr no trypps, for they be seldyn clene.

But bringe, etc.

Bryng us home no vele, sir, for that will not dure,
But bryng us home good ale i-nogh to drynke by the fyr.

But, etc.

Bryng us home no sydyr, nor no palde wyne,
For and thou do thow shalt have Crysts curse and myne.

But, etc.

In the Harl. MS. it is not accompanied with the musical notes, as here; they appeared of sufficient interest to be engraved for the present volume.

P. 66, l. 14. *Arystotyll, Vergyll*. An allusion to the popular medieval legends of the philosopher and the poet, both of whom were there represented to have been seduced and deceived by the fair sex.

P. 68, No. LIX. *Off the 5 joyes*. There is a song on the same subject, and in the same style, in the Sloane MS., fol. 9, r^o, but differing in the words, with the exception of a phrase here and there.

P. 75, l. 18. *A chery ffare*. This is a new instance of a curious expression, of not unfrequent occurrence in the old

English poets, for the explanation of which the reader is referred to Mr. Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, art. *Cherry-fair*.

P. 89, No. LXXIII. Another copy of this song is printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 248, from a MS. in the Library of Lambeth Palace, No. 306 (in the printed catalogue), fol. 135, written in the fifteenth century. As the variations between the two copies are considerable, I give here the Lambeth copy for the sake of comparison.

Women, women, love of women
 Make bare purs with some men.
 Some be nyse as a manne hene,
 3it al thei be nat so ;
 Some be lewde, some all be shreude,
 Go schrewes wher thei goo.

Sum be nyse, and some be fonde,
 And some be tame y undirstonde,
 And some cane take brede of a manys honde ;
 Yit all thei be nat so, etc.

Some cane part withouten hire,
 And some make bate in eviri chire,
 And some cheke-mate withoute sire ;
 Yit all thei be nat so.
 Some be lewde, and some be schreued ;
 Go wher they go.

Some be browne, and some be whit,
 And some be tender as accripe ;
 And some of theym be chiry ripe ;
 Yit all thei be not soo.
 Sume be lewde, etc.

Some of them be treue of love,
 Benethe the gerdelle, but nat above ;
 And in a hode above cane chove ;
 Yit all thei do nat soo.
 Some be lewde, etc.

Some cane whister, and some cane crie ;
 Some cane flater, and some cane lye ;
 And some can sette the moke awrie ;

Yit all thei do nat soo.

Sume be lewde, etc.

He that made this songe full good,
 Came of the northe and the sothern blode,
 And somewhat kyne to Robyn Hode ;

Yit all we be nat soo.

Some be lewde, etc.

P. 91, No. LXXIV. The following imperfect copy of this very curious ballad was printed by Ritson (*Ancient Songs*, p. 77) from a MS. in the Cottonian Library, Titus A. xxvi, fol. 161, r^o. under the somewhat singular title of "Lytyll thanke." Ritson conjectured rightly, as will be seen from my copy, that some stanzas were wanting at the beginning; in fact his copy begins at the seventh stanza of the ballad as preserved in the MS. in my possession. It will be seen that there are numerous and very considerable variations in the two copies.

* * * * *

Go ye beffore be twayne and twayne,
 Wysly that ye be not i-sayne,
 And I shall go home and com agayne,
 To witte what dothe owre syre,
 Gode gosyp.

For 3yff hit happ he dyd me see,
 A strype or to God myght send me.
 3ytte sche that is aferde lette her flee,
 For that is nowght be this fyre,
 Gode gosyp.

That everyche of hem browght ther dysche,
 Sum browght fleshe and som brought fyshe.
 Quod Margery meke than with a wyise,
 I wold that Frankeleyne the harper were here,
 Gode gosip.

She hade notte so sone the word i-sayd,
 But in come Frankelyn at a brayd ;
 God save youe, mastres ! he sayde,
 I come to make youe some chere,
 Gode gosyp.

Anon he began to draw owght his harpe.
 Tho the gossyppus began to starte,
 They callyd the tawyrner to ffyll the quarte ;
 Good gosyp.

Then seyde the gossyppus all in fere,
 Streke up harper, and make gode chere,
 And wher that I goo, fere or nere,
 To owre hu[s]bondes make thou no [boste.]
 God gossip.

Nay mastres, as motte I thee,
 Ye schall newyr be wrayed ffor me ;
 I had lever her dede to be,
 As hereof to be knowe,
 Good gosyp.

They ffylled the pottes by and by,
 They lett not for no coste trully ;
 The harpyr stroke upe merrely,
 That they myght onethe blowe.
 Good gosyp.

They sette them downe, they myght no more,
 Theyre legges they thought were passyng soore ;
 They prayd the harper kepe sum store,
 And lette us drynke abowght,
 Gode gosyp.

Heye the, tavernere, I praye the,
 Go fyll the potteys lyghtly,
 And latte us dry[n]ke by and by,
 And lette the cupe goo route ;
 Good gosyp.

This ys the thought that gossyppus take,
 Onys in the weke they wyll merey make,
 And all smalle drynckys they wyll forsake,
 And drynke wyne of the best.

Good gosyp.

Some be at the taverne onys in the weke,
 And some be there every day eke,
 And ellse ther hertes will be seke,
 And gyffe her hosbondys ewyll reste.

Good gosyp.

When they had dronke and mad them glad,
 And they schuld rekyn, theyn they sad,
 Call they tavernere anone, they bade,
 That we were lyghtly hens.

Good gosyp.

I swere be God and by seynt Jayme,
 I wold notte that oure syre at home,
 That we had this game,
 Notte for fourty pens,

Good gosyp.

Gadyr the scote and lette us wend,
 And lette us goo home by luras ende,
 For dred we mete not with owre frend
 Or that we come home,

Good gosyp.

When they had there countes caste,
 Everyche of hem spend vj^d at the last.
 Alas, cothe Seyscely, I am agaste,
 We schall be schent evrychone,

Good gosyp.

From the taverne be they all goone,
 And everyche of hem schewythe her wysdom,
 And there sche tellythe her husbond anone,
 Shee had bene at the chyrche.

Gode gosyp.

Off her werke she takythe no kepe,
Sche muste as for anowe go sclepe,
And ells for aggeyr wyll sche wepe,
Sche may no werkes wurchen.

Good gosyp.

Off her slepe when sche dothe wake,
Faste in hey then gan sche arake,
And cawthe her serwantes abowte the bake,
Yff to here they outhe had sayd.

Good gosyp.

Off this proses I make an end,
Becawse I will have women to be my ffrend;
Of there dewosyon they wold send
A peny forto drynke at the end.

Gode gosyp.

And now the day is over
And the night is here
And the stars are out
And the moon is bright
And the wind is soft
And the air is sweet

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